JUNE 13, 1964 VOL. CCLVII. NO. 3341.

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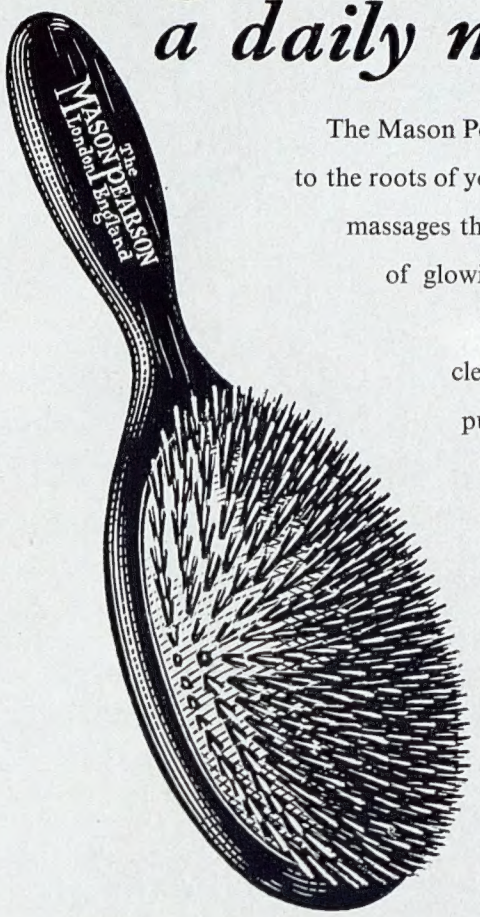

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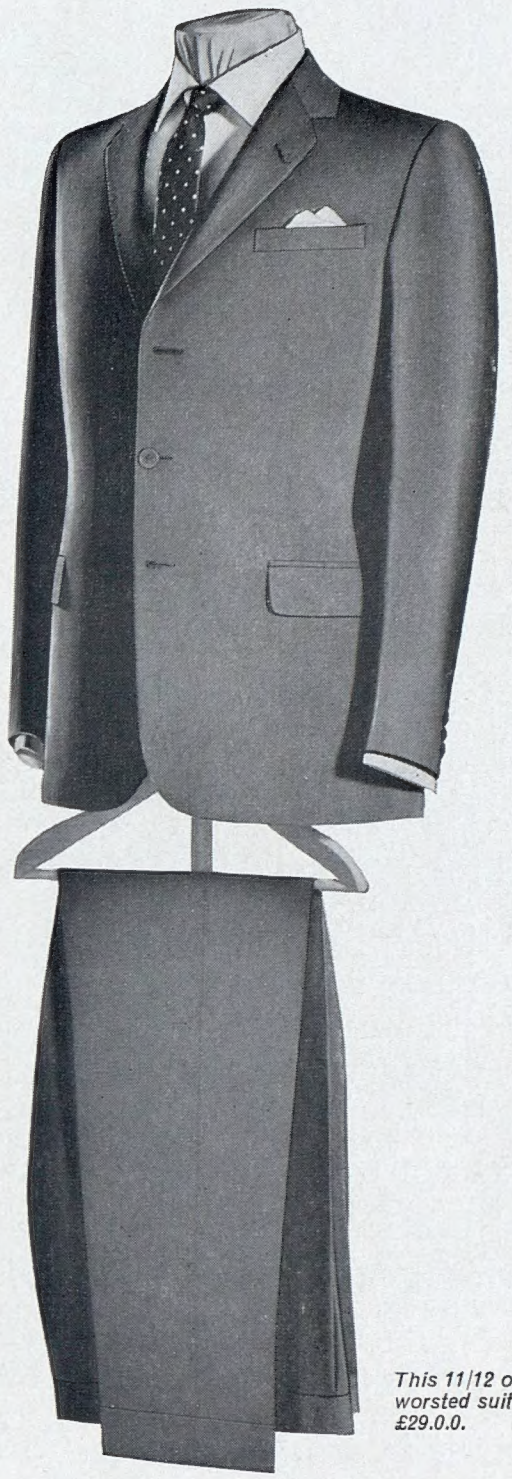

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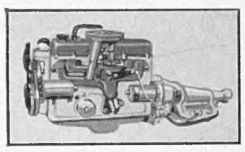

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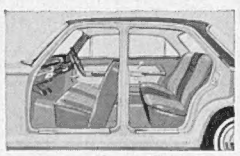

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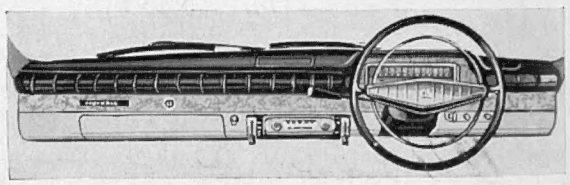

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Volume CCLVII. No. 3341 LONDON, June 13, 1964

THE SPHERE

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OFF TO THE HOUSE

Sir Winston Churchill leaves his London home with Lord Ismay to drive to the House of Commons. When Parliament reassembled last week M.P.s were discussing among themselves what special privileges the Commons could bestow on Sir Winston when he gives up his seat at the General Election on the eve of his 90th birthday. Churchill College, Cambridge, was formally opened last week by the Duke of Edinburgh

NEWS SUMMARY

384 **International:** In Laos over the weekend two American reconnaissance aircraft were reported to have been shot down, one in the central area of the country, the other over the Plain of Jars. Some slight progress was believed to have been made towards a conference on the political situation. Britain was understood to have accepted the Soviet proposal for talks between their two countries (as chairmen of the Geneva conference); India, Canada and Poland (the international control commission in Laos); and the three Laotian political groups. In Cyprus the situation, though still highly inflammable, seemed slightly easier after another scare of invasion by Turkey had not materialised. Mr George Ball, United States Under-Secretary of State, arrived in London from Paris on Sunday. He was to have wide-ranging talks with Mr Butler and then fly to Geneva with Mr Heath for the closing stages of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development. Prospects for a Summit meeting in Tokyo between Malaysia and Indonesia were reported to be brighter.

Great Britain: The number of victims in the Aberdeen typhoid outbreak continued to grow during last week and by last Monday the total was 402—342 confirmed and 60 suspected. The weekend increase of 51 was lower than the Aberdeen M.o.H. Dr I. A. G. MacQueen had feared and on Sunday he said that "it begins to look as though there is no indication of a third wave." Meanwhile on Sunday the Ministry of Defence announced that instructions had been given that all personnel in the three services in the UK should receive an anti-typhoid booster injection if they had not had one in the past 12 months.

A possible link-up between Rootes Motors and the American Chrysler Corporation had all the signs of causing a political storm.

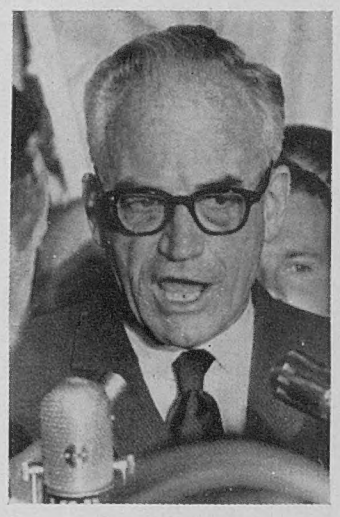
The by-election at Faversham was comfortably won by Labour.

Lady Attlee, wife of the former Labour Prime Minister, died last Sunday.

Southern Rhodesia: After learning that he was not to be invited to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London in July, Mr Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, in a series of weekend speeches attacked the British Government and hinted at steps to secure Southern Rhodesia's independence by unilateral means.

Rumania: Considerable significance was attached to the news at the end of last week that Rumania was "studying and observing" the workings of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. This was taken to be another move by the government in Bucharest to assert economic independence from Russia.

United States: Plans were being made early this week by the moderate and liberal sections of the Republican Party to prevent the nomination of Senator Goldwater as the Republican candidate in the Presidential election. The Senator greatly improved his chances by topping the California Primary last week. But at the weekend it was believed very influential backing would be given to Governor William Scranton, of Pennsylvania, if he was willing to stand as a "Stop Goldwater" candidate.



Above: Mr Harold Wilson and Mr Khrushchev meet in the Kremlin in Moscow. Accompanying Britain's Labour leader are colleagues Michael Stewart (second from left) and Patrick Gordon Walker (extreme right)

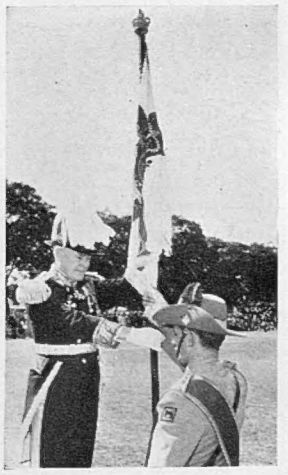
Left: Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, after his victory in the California Primary. He defeated Governor Nelson Rockefeller, of New York, by 1,091,123 votes to 1,031,762

Right: After his election as Indian Prime Minister Mr Shastri (right) embraced by Finance Minister Krishnamachari. Left is Mr Nadar, the Congress President

Above: The Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie (right), during his state visit to Kenya is seen with the Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta (second from left), while on a visit to Nairobi's City Hall. Between them is the Mayor of Nairobi, Alderman Charles Rubia

Left: Laying wreaths as part of the 20th anniversary of D-Day at the Douvres La Deliverande, a British War Cemetery in France, are, from left: French Ministers Raymond Triboulet and Jean Sainteny, United States General Omar Bradley, Canadian Veterans' Affairs Minister Roger Teillet and Sir Pierson Dixon, British Ambassador to France. This ceremony was one of many which took place in Normandy and many of the Allied countries last Sunday

Left: Some of a party of Australian members of the Old Contemptibles Association arrive at Tilbury Docks near London aboard the liner *Himalaya* for the Golden Jubilee review of the Association which is due to be held in London later this month. The Australians are from left: Mr F. C. Hopcroft (President), Mr J. Lambert (Secretary), Mr W. Lawson, Mr H. Anderson, Mr J. W. Davies, Mr C. Field, Mr T. G. Groom, Mr J. G. Hepworth, Mr R. W. Knight, Mr F. P. Long and Mr H. Mackenzie



Above: Sir Evelyn Hone, the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, presents new colours to the 2nd Battalion, Northern Rhodesia Regiment, in a ceremony at Lusaka. He also inspected the parade at the Stephenson Barracks in the capital of Northern Rhodesia. The colours were consecrated by the Most Rev. F. O. Green-Wilkinson, Archbishop of Central Africa

Left: In his official residence in Salisbury, Mr Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, is photographed with his family. Sitting with him are his wife, Robert aged 17 and Jean who is 20. Standing behind is Alec, aged 14. The dogs are Bob and Chips

THE VITALITY OF YUGOSLAVIA

386 Fifty years ago, the Balkans were a constant source of trouble, and the First World War broke out there. " Balkanisation " was a term of abuse, which meant the splitting up of an area into small regions which were not economically viable and bound to have a low standard of living.

Nowadays, things are different in the Balkans. The countries which were occupied or controlled by the Ottoman Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Russian Empire, with the Western Powers looking on rather nervously, are now more or less independent nations concerned chiefly with their own development, and economically they are actually or potentially viable. " Balkan " is no longer a pejorative. The Bulgarians name their State Travel agency after this beautiful range of mountains.

After the Second World War, the present pattern of the Balkans emerged: Yugoslavia—the land of the South Slavs—is a federation of peoples with varying histories and even widely varying languages. Bulgaria is a coherent whole. Rumania is recognisably a country in its own right, not only viable but potentially a very rich country.

Yugoslavia differs from the other Balkan countries, first because it has more national minorities to assimilate, and secondly because it never lost its national independence. The Soviet Army came into eastern Yugoslavia, but the Yugoslavs, under Tito, had already liberated themselves. Although Tito's Partisans had in fact had much more help from Britain than from Russia, Tito, with his strong Communist background, leant towards Russia. This angered Lord Avon (then Anthony Eden) but it was not unnatural. When in 1948 Stalin tried to throw Tito out, over the heads of the Yugoslav Communist Party and people, the independence of the Yugoslavs showed up strongly. It has sometimes been said in recent years that President Tito has veered again towards Moscow, but Yugoslav independence will always out, whatever anyone says or does.

Yugoslavia today is a country with great vitality. Its economic structure was determined partly by Marxist aspirations to industrialise at all costs; partly by a social sense. One of President Tito's most successful achievements was his solution of the " Nationalities Problem," that is, the problem of welding together half a dozen related but distinct peoples—Serbs, Croats, Montenegrins, Slovenians, and so on—and a number of minorities from neighbouring countries whose language they spoke: Hungarian, Rumanian or Albanian.

Today, the Nationalities Problem is as near solved as it is ever likely to be, and the stress is on basic economic problems. There is concern about inflationary pressures—just as in most West European countries—and Yugoslavs (official and unofficial) discuss these problems very frankly. One of the most engaging things about intelligent Yugoslavs is their readiness to think out loud and criticise themselves in the process. They admit frankly that their economic programme has not gone as well as it should have done. There has been a great deal of industrialisation since 1945, on the classic Communist lines of first setting up a large steel industry, and then going on to light industries. This does not always work out.

In Yugoslavia there were complicating factors. The variety of nationalities, or areas, meant that there were differing standards of development. Slovenia in the north was an Austrian province when Macedonia was under the Turks. It has great resources in skilled manpower, especially in engineering, whereas Serbia, which is the biggest state and was independent long before the western provinces, has a lower *per capita* income.

President Tito of Yugoslavia stands before the Tomb of Heroes in Helsinki on his recent visit to Finland

The Yugoslav development plans were influenced by such considerations. Industries were sited in areas where development was most needed. There were also strategical considerations after the breach with the Cominform in 1948. The location was not always the best, and it is now realised that the overall industrial expansion has not brought the best economic yields. There are factories which were set up in, say, Macedonia or Montenegro which cannot work to anything like capacity. An economist told me recently that industrial plant is working on average at no more than 60 per cent. of capacity, and some at as little as 20 per cent.

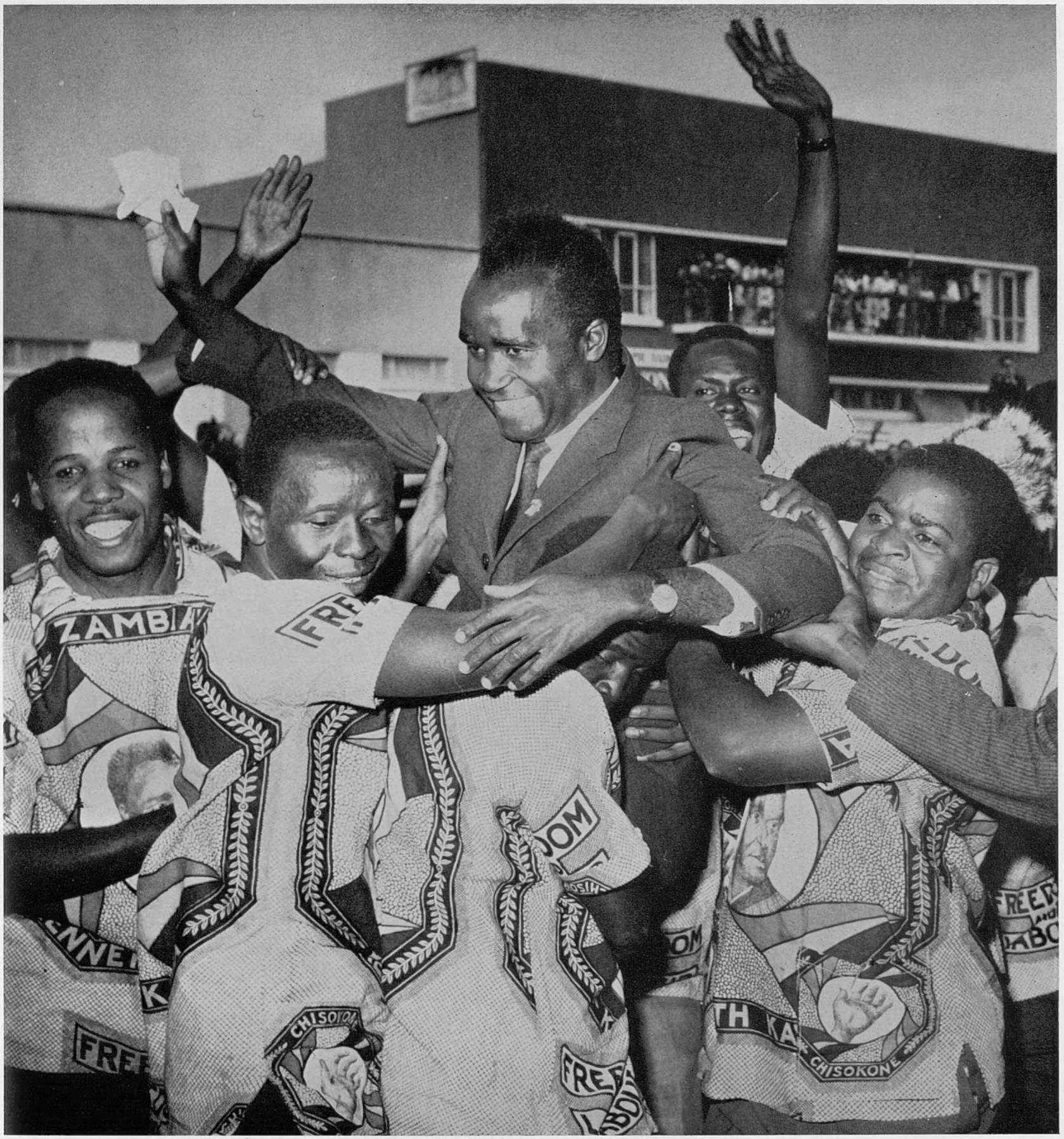
No attempt is made to conceal this weakness. It is frankly discussed, and the policy which is emerging is to halt further expansion until existing industry is more fully utilised. This may sound common sense, but it requires realism to face it.

The Yugoslavs have faced this problem, and they have faced others. Ideologically, they wanted to nationalise all their agriculture, but about ten years ago they found that the peasants had a strong resistance to this. The peasants were probably wrong — at least economically—but they were allowed to go their own way. About 20 per cent. of agriculture is " collectivised " (or, more properly, organised on a co-operative basis), and its yield is proportionately far higher than that of the private farms. No attempt is made to force the small farmers out of their traditional attitude, and some of them are doing very well—especially in fruit-farming and market-gardening. Individual land-holdings are limited to 25 acres, which is too small for anything but intensive cultivation. Many holdings are divided, so that some parts of a farm are three or four miles away from others. The Yugoslav authorities are trying to buy out small farmers whose land is not economic by itself, and incorporate it into larger farms under state control. They are also trying to draw the small farmers into co-operative farming by means of contracts. The farmers receive help in the form of seeds, fertilisers and the loan of tractors, and their crop is bought in bulk at a previously agreed price.

Yugoslav agriculture could no doubt be more efficient, but a balance has been struck between a theoretically maximum efficiency handicapped by the reluctance of peasants, and the traditional, wasteful and over-populated peasant economy. Meanwhile, younger countryfolk are attracted into industry, so that the problem may solve itself in time.

The stress now is on the better utilisation of industrial capacity, and this can be achieved by allowing the market element in the economy to work more freely. More consumer goods, from clothing to motor cars, are appearing and being bought. Cities like Belgrade have all the outward resemblances to English, French or Italian towns, if not in the same degree: new building, traffic jams, filled shop-windows, and worries about inflationary pressures and balance of payments. As in most West European countries, tourism is important. In Yugoslavia, it now ranks as the fifth biggest export industry and great efforts are being made to expand it.

Yugoslavia is a good place to go for a holiday, and visitors will find a refreshing degree not only of friendliness, but of freedom of speech. " Satire " is in fashion, and although it may not go quite as far as TW3, it is sometimes very broad. **George Gretton**



RETURN IN TRIUMPH

Dr Kenneth Kaunda, the Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia, receives a jubilant welcome by freedom-shirted Africans on his return to Lusaka, the capital, from the London Conference at which agreement was reached on Northern Rhodesia's independence. On October 24 —United Nations Day—Northern Rhodesia is to become the sovereign state of Zambia. It will remain a member of the Commonwealth, and will be the first Commonwealth country to become a Republic immediately on the achievement of complete independence.

ROYAL DAYS

Above: The Queen, President Abboud of Sudan and the Duke of Edinburgh in the Royal Box at Epsom on Derby Day. They saw the favourite Santa Claus, ridden by Scobie Breasley, win the race. The Queen was also at Epsom last week for the Oaks. The winner was Homeward Bound

Right: At Churchill College, Cambridge, Mr Winston Churchill, son of Mr Randolph Churchill and grandson of Sir Winston, is introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh. Beyond Mr Churchill is Lady Churchill and next to her is Lord Tedder, Chancellor of Cambridge University. Sir John Cockcroft, Master of the College, is making the introduction. The Duke had just officially opened the college

Centre right: The Duke of Edinburgh talks to a fishmonger in the Bull Ring in Birmingham. The opening of this great new shopping centre, probably a unique development, was another of the Duke's recent engagements (see also Midlands Matters, p. 414)

Above: Princess Alexandra talks with some of the students after opening new buildings at St. Saviour's and St. Olave's Grammar School for Girls, Southwark

Top left: The Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Eric Harrison, greets the Queen Mother on her arrival at Australia House, London, for a concert given by the Australian Musical Association

Top: The Duchess of Kent seen in the grounds of her home at Coppins, Iver, Bucks, with her two children. She is holding her daughter, Lady Helen Windsor, who was christened in the private chapel at Windsor Castle in the presence of the Queen last Saturday. Looking on is the Earl of St. Andrews who will be two years old on June 26

A LONDON NEWSLETTER
13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

390 **Without Nehru**

When a great man dies, first tributes paid to him inevitably concentrate on his great qualities and are unlikely to be a cool and balanced assessment readily acceptable to a future biographer. When those first tributes from the heads of many governments correspond as closely as did those expressed on May 28 to Mr Nehru, a future biographer is on sure ground in assessing the broad impact of his character and achievements on the minds of his leading contemporaries holding the most diverse political opinions. He stood and fought for humanism, peace, progress, parliamentary democracy. He was the maker of modern India. The Commonwealth owes him a debt as great as do his own people. He was magnanimous, unself-seeking and without bitterness. He has stamped his image on the destiny of India and of the world. He was one of the greatest men of our day. When one considers the difficulties, frustrations and expedients which faced this chosen pupil of Gandhi at the crisis of a vast nation's destiny, an undeviating consistency could not be claimed for him by his greatest admirers. The marvel is that, in all his dealings before and after India's independence, he deviated so little from his expressed ideals, policies and philosophy. The records and archives can "show up" every great statesman in world history on the score of consistency. When it comes to the reckoning Jawarhalal Nehru perhaps had less to fear from them than most. He had his faults. Who, in or out of the history books, has not?

The arrow that flieth by night

With the outbreak of the "second wave," the typhoid epidemic at Aberdeen, earlier played down, was admitted by the local authorities to be very serious, the worst in Britain for many years; and the strictest precautions were taken. It reminds us (if we need reminding) that human life in the best regulated countries is full of risks. The outbreak certainly calls for renewed efforts by the World Health Organisation and continual improvement of hygiene security by all governments and local authorities. In so far as typhoid infection is caused by contaminated water, it is probably easier to deal with than with infected meat. True, infected water can contaminate tinned fruit and vegetables and the growing demand for tinned goods of all kinds, some imported from countries with less strict regulations on hygiene, perhaps increases that risk. But the prime cause of infection is the human "carrier" who may all his life remain a danger to others and is hard to identify and to prevent from handling food. It is said that there may be 500 carriers at large in our country, and the vital need to isolate them is obviously very difficult to achieve. No nation therefore can yet boast that it has reduced the risk of typhoid to the absolute minimum. Any government is justified in recommending inoculation to those who travel in foreign countries, and has a prime duty to require the strictest conditions of cleanliness and hygiene for its own nationals at home and in shops and restaurants. Mass inoculation is not called for, but it is a pity that its immunity lasts apparently for only a comparatively short time.

Indecent assault

Every so often, generally after a fine weekend, the Press awakes to condemn the widespread and indecent assault on the countryside by "townsmen" who trample the crops, leave gates open, break down hedges, dump litter and molest or wound any "wild life" that offers a "sporting chance." The affluent crowds (not always townsmen) can drive long distances and their activities or inactivities are anti-social. The remedy? Enforcement of the law, such as it is, and many, many more authorised "wardens." And, in the long term, more and more efforts at education to decent standards of taste. The last remedy is very long-term indeed. The litter problem alone proves that. You have only to inspect the boundary fence of any state school, snowed under with sweet cartons. But something could even now be achieved by a government and a judicature interested in preserving the countryside and its remaining amenity and wild life. Certain regulations exist and could be more precisely and severely enforced. Unlicensed shotguns and lethal airguns are all too common in the hands of teenagers and tyros, and the trigger-happy grow no fewer nor those regulations more strictly enforced. Authorised "wardens" are an essential in every county, more prosecutions should be brought and the magistrates should take them much more seriously and maximum fines should be stepped up and publicised. The most effective education to reduce many unsocial habits today is through the pocket.

"Ex-debutante"

Even if one accepts it that the engagement of a peer's son or some other young man with a title is properly regarded as "front page" news in a serious newspaper, I am puzzled by the usual description of the lucky girl as an "ex-debutante." I know that the word "debutante" bore a social "distinction" at the Court of Victoria and retained some of that distinction at the Court of Edward VII. Thereafter, I had assumed that with the wars and social changes, the word had lost all significance, and that today it is a free-for-all, a label which any girl who has reached the modern equivalent of "putting her hair up" could justifiably wear for what it is worth. But no doubt I am not well up in the social distinctions which still govern our democratic society and it may be that only those who have curtsied to a cake at Queen Charlotte's ball are legitimately justified in wearing the label. By the age of 19, they are definitely "ex-debutantes" and perhaps lucky to be lifted off the shelf and admitted to the Stud book.

Only a game?

The dead in the riot in Lima Stadium which brought to an end a qualifying tie for the Olympic Games in Tokyo, may reach 400. These international soccer matches usually result in broken heads and noses but a casualty list of this magnitude will, it is hoped, be an all-time record. In international football the watchers and fans are usually more keyed up than the players. The players sometimes accept decisions by the referee. They are nearer the ball. The partizans in the arena are satisfied with the referee unless and until he

Left: A new portrait of Gilbert Edgar, C.B.E., Lay Sheriff of the City of London, by Edward Halliday, R.P., R.B.A. The painting was among those which were seen in the recent annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in London

Below: The picture shows a diver preparing to fit this three-ton "plug" to the top of the shaft leading 30 ft down to the seabed. The shaft is connected to the circulating water tunnels for the 580 MW Sizewell Nuclear Power Station in Suffolk. The station is being built by the English Electric Company, Babcock and Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow atomic power group for the Central Electricity Generating Board. The water system on which the diver is working will handle 27 million gallons an hour. For the operation the diver is lowered by crane from the off-shore towers

Above: This stone-built administration block forms part of a new development at Paisley in Scotland by Chivas Brothers Ltd, the proprietors of Chivas Regal whisky. Other parts of the development include blending and bottling departments, cooperage, and extensive warehouses. The plant is to be formally opened on June 30 by Mr Samuel Bronfman, President of the parent company, Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Ltd. Mr Bronfman is to fly from Montreal for the opening. The plant is one of the most modern whisky plants in Scotland and is by far the largest devoted to the Chivas Regal Brand. The site, 14 acres large, was brought by the Company in July 1957. The architects for the work were Lothian Barclay, Jarvis and Boys of Glasgow
Top: A photograph of the bronze statuette of Robert the Bruce which stands outside the Chivas Brothers Ltd. administration block, on the left-hand terrace

gives a ruling against their side. When Angel Pazos gave a decision against the Peruvians, he was no angel to the Peruvians. They were out for his blood, and he was lucky to survive. A hecatomb of 400 dead bodies was the price paid for a game of football. The Peruvian Government will pay all funeral expenses, as well it may. It is paying for the intemperance of a minority of its countrymen which cost hundreds of innocent lives—no doubt, the Press of the world will continue to point the moral. I was surprised how very cool it played this event on the morning after. International football of course is a religion, not a recreation; and it is about the only form of religion that can be said to boom. It booms on betting and bitter nationalism. But a religion which requires so many sacrificial victims would be better outlawed. Perhaps the tragedy at Lima may bring some converts to Christianity. For if that tragedy is not the writing on the wall condemning modern man's standard of values, I know not what warning can save humanity from its Gaderene descent.

The Old Stager

A LAYMAN'S TIME AND SPACE

By A. G. Cadman

392 Despite the limitations of security and public relations expertise, many people have heard strange things concerning the experiences of spacemen regarding time measurement. Einstein's simple statement that "Time is Relative to a man's position in the Universe," he chose to prove by mathematics which could be appreciated only by the few. It seems that space shots have provided simple physical proof. We hear that a spaceman can return after a number of days in orbit with certain of his watch type instruments recording but a fraction of that time. If this is so, then perhaps a layman may be permitted to theorise.

In the first diagram below it has been assumed that time lies in ever slower circles as one progresses away from the thick atmosphere and cloying gravity of the globe. If spacemen orbit the Earth in the four sections marked A.B.C.D., then it may be that the vast distance covered at D may be but a fraction of the Earth time at A, although they may have fled across the sky in visually the same period. Hence the possibility of a spaceman visiting a distant planet and returning to find his contemporaries aged while he is still young.

When we Earthbound creatures attempt to measure time in our simple physical form, we use as the final yardstick the speed of light. It is by this we are told the astronomers measure distances and changes in the skies. Yet it may be this theoretical barrier of the speed of light which can explain the persistent and ever increasing reports of alien objects in the skies. It is but thirty years ago that the sound barrier to the layman was the point of decimation for the speed-hungry airman. Events proved that the breach of the sound barrier brought little more danger than noise and broken glass. Is it not possible that the penalty or advantage of exceeding the speed of light is invisibility? For if this is so then a ready explanation is to hand for the flying saucer, which could well be a vehicle which only becomes visible when it decelerates from its conventional speed which is greater than the speed of light. It is amusing to speculate upon the day when human beings are able so to increase the speed of their rockets that they pass through the visibility barrier, and accelerate to a position away from the Earth. They return in the direction of the Earth at a speed enabling them to observe their own departure, yet due to invisibility they are unable to alter the past event, which we would then have dignified with the name of history.

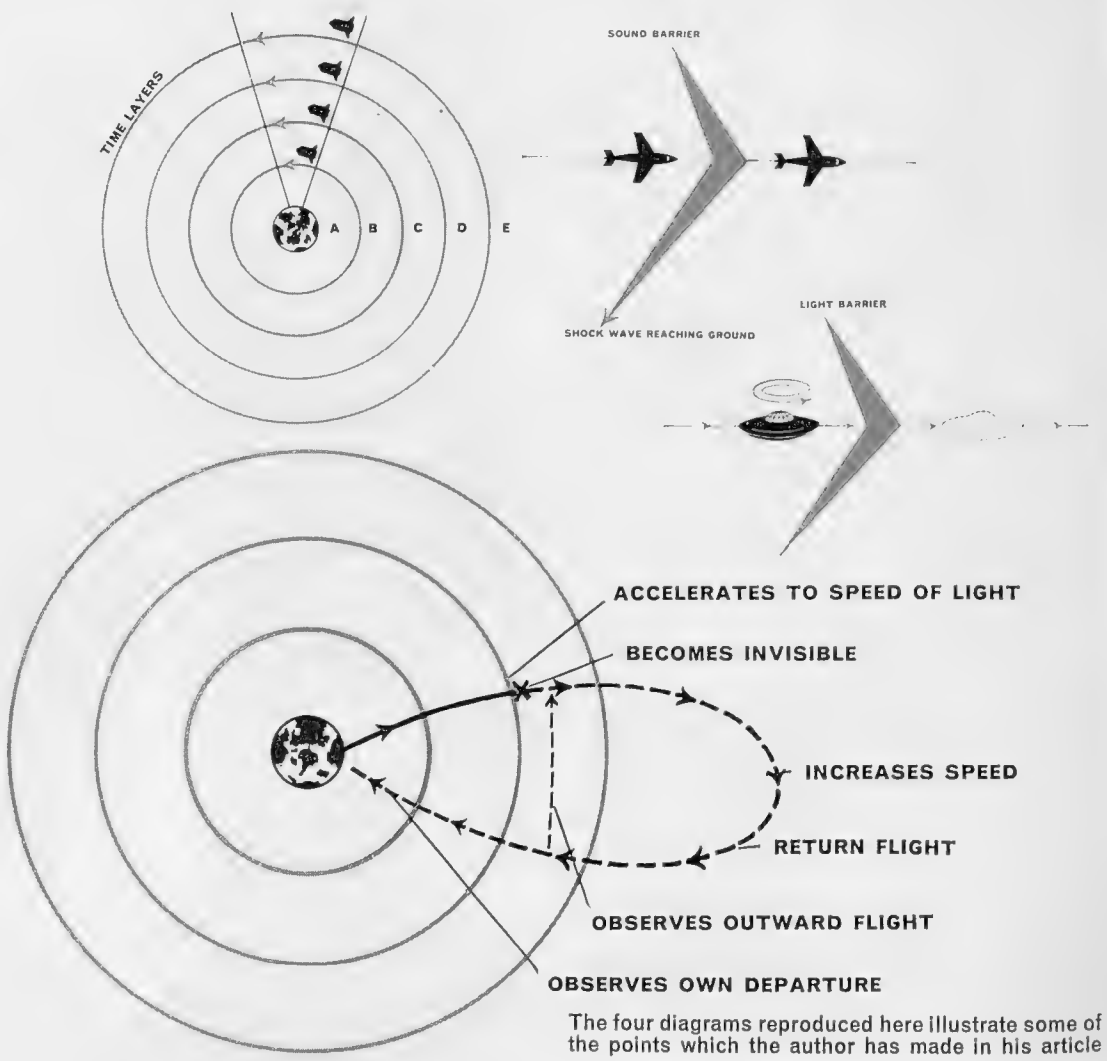
As techniques of space travel advance to even greater speeds, then surely it would be possible to steal glances into history from the vantage point of invisibility. There seems so much to learn from history, especially if one accepts that time is circular in the sense of Genesis. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" is a fair description of the brief human life span, but it may be possible to conceive a similar cycle for a mere planet such as ours. Perhaps an atomic holocaust would merely produce the dust from which the life cycle could begin again, taking its life as before from its one and only source of power—the sun. All this and much beside may yet be seen by our spirit in space.

The assumption that all is circular is not so unlikely when one considers the extraordinary cyclic nature of everything about us. The only difference between living man and dead man has often been said to be the dancing light behind his eyes. Call this spirit, soul, life-force, or what you will. It may yet be a moving force. The human body returns to dust to feed the earth and animals, to feed in their turn the next human being. The mysterious spirit could well be transplanted in the flash of time we call death, into another new life, new born. However, as with the flutterings of physical death sometimes this strange process goes awry in time accounting for the spiritualist world of communication with past beings. Again such a transfer of spirit could account for the strange affinity felt by so many for a past age of history, and more especially for the weird familiarity which sometimes strikes a visitor for the first time in a foreign land.

The thoughts sketched above are put forward on the bold assumption that our human struggles with the edge of space are but a beginning. But surely it is an inexcusable vanity to presume that there are not other "intelligences" probing into the upper regions of their space in which our earth sits. The flying saucer as a space vehicle may well be a reasonable possibility if we permit ourselves to think of our potential visitors as an "intelligence" clothed or bodied for a planet with vastly differing characteristics to ours. A lack of oxygen or water seems to the writer a poor excuse for the assumption that no life can exist on a given planet. Surely other planets in their own circular evolutionary pattern have produced other beings. As the ant to the elephant may have the inability to relate or comprehend, so the human being must surely keep an open mind about the inhabitants of other globes.

It has been suggested that the Russian success in placing two spacemen in orbit has revealed the practicality of telepathy in space. If this be so then it may be but one of many latent human qualities which the freedom of space may reveal. The humble hedgehog approaching hibernation retires for the winter with his back firmly aimed towards the point of the compass from which will come the winter snow. The hedgehog knows, more surely than the weatherman, nature's arrangements for the winter. Perhaps this sense is still buried in man. Again we hear of strange confusions among space travellers produced perhaps by radiation, electric impulse or weightlessness. However, this very confusion may well reveal other qualities of thought, action and observation.

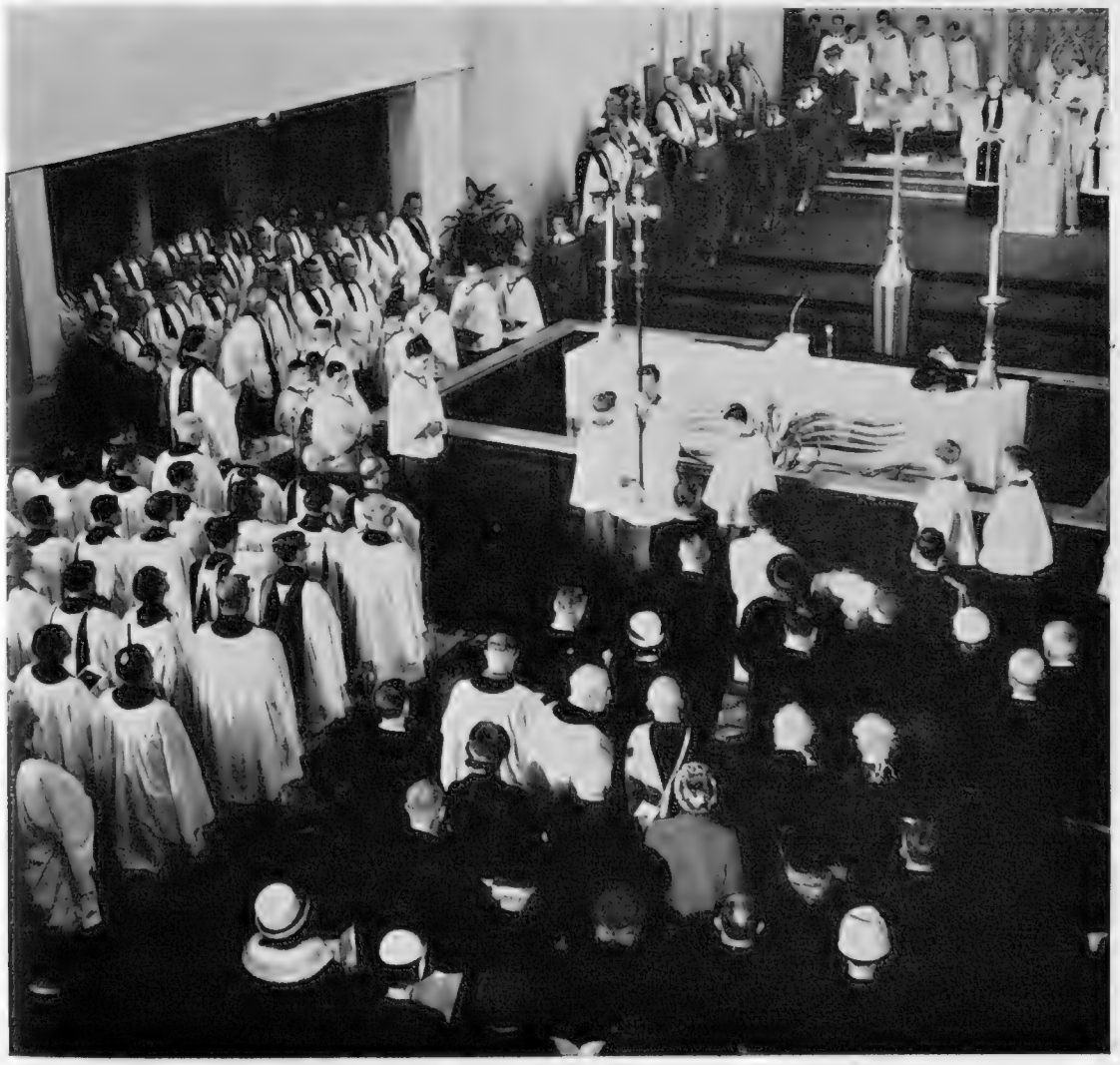
Whatever thoughts we may have upon the adventure into space, surely we should preserve objective minds. The speed of technological advance may plunge us through time and an ever hastening evolution into discoveries, revelations and even human change, which can only be faced with favour if we are able to think boldly, and without mental restrictions based on our short human history.



The four diagrams reproduced here illustrate some of the points which the author has made in his article

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW CATHEDRAL

The new Cathedral of St. Paul in Wellington, New Zealand, has now been partly completed. Recently the Chancel and the Nave were dedicated by the Rt. Rev. H. W. Baines, the Bishop of Wellington. The Archbishop of New Zealand, the Most Rev. N. A. Lesser, was the preacher. Also among the clergy was the Moderator of the Presbytery of Wellington, the Rev. G. F. Mackenzie, who led the prayers at one point in the service. Among those in the large congregation were the Governor-General, Sir Bernard Fergusson, who read the Lesson, and the Prime Minister, Mr Keith Holyoake. A feature of the new cathedral is the Altar Rail which surrounds the High Altar on all sides.



Above: At the font in the new Cathedral of St. Paul in Wellington, the Bishop hands to the Dean, the Very Rev. Walter Hurst, the shell for baptismal use from the old cathedral
Top: The Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr Keith Holyoake, and the Bishop of Wellington, the Rt. Rev. H. W. Baines
Top left: The scene in the Nave of the cathedral during the service of dedication
Left: Clergy and choir at the High Altar. The Bishop's Throne stands between the High Altar and the choir stalls at the far end of the new cathedral

A NOBLE CONCEPT

A review of Sir Roy Welensky's book by The Earl of Sandwich who as Viscount Hinchingbrooke was MP for South Dorset from 1941 to 1962*

" Our affairs were a constant preoccupation for them (the British Government), and must also have been, I suppose, a major irritant. In their attempts to deal with us they involved themselves in a nightmare non-stop variety performance, with all the acts on stage at the same time: juggling, with never fewer than three balls in the air at the same time; a troupe of acrobats throwing back-somersaults galore; and the high dramatic climax of cutting the lady in the box not merely in half, but into three unequal parts, and with no intention whatever of reassembling her. Thrilling as this may have been to watch, it was a spectacle which we, the victims, could hardly be expected to enjoy."

I select the above passage as an epitome of Sir Roy Welensky's book, not only to show the utter contempt which runs through the book from the first to the last page of the actions of Her Majesty's Government throughout Africa from 1953 to date, and particularly in the Central African Federation, but also to give an indication of the style. Sir Roy is certainly not ham-fisted with his pen. The narrative flows forward, surging and compulsive. Because the man is angry, there is no humour in the work, but the heavy irony throughout is shot through with well-turned phrasecology which tickles the fancy. Sir Roy's memory for all these events is striking. Despite a cohort of assistants and some obviously efficient office filing, the style is his own. There are extended passages of direct quotations, and the reader may be led to wonder whether his own headquarters in various places, to say nothing of Dr Hastings Banda's prison cell at Gwelo, were occasionally wired for sound.

In an able Foreword Mr John Connell tells us that Welensky's father was a Jew from a Polish village, who emigrated to Africa, and that his mother came of nine generations of Afrikaner stock. As an African he sees the world from Africa, sometimes rather narrowly. He believed in 1959 that Nasser's United Arab Republic was to all intents and purposes a Soviet satellite, and he put in hand a careful study of the whole strategic situation in Africa south of the Sahara, with particular reference to Communist subversion and infiltration. [He seems to have been convinced that a Communist take-over would be attempted on a five-phased operation: the manipulation of African Nationalist movements, the fermenting of labour troubles, the construction of " front " organisations, and the use of external and apparently non-Communist propaganda and agitation movements.]

He was certain that American policy in Africa, and British policy under American influence, had unintentionally but actively assisted the fulfilment of Communist aims. Welensky is no Macarthy, and there is no evidence in his book of an attempt to discover a Communist under every bed, but the reader might be right in drawing the conclusion that the disgust and disappointment that he felt at every turn and twist of British Government policy may have had a psychological and unexpressed background of basic ideological difference. If the British Government ever thought that the Communist menace in Africa was immediately pressing then they thought that it could be averted by rapid constitutional change. Welensky obviously shares Sir Alec Douglas-Home's view that " sleek and well-favoured men, and such as sleep a' nights," are not politically dangerous. He thinks that such people of all races in Central Africa can be produced by stable governments and maximum economic advance more readily than in any other way. No doubt, too, he also believes the converse, that political ferment and a reduction of business activity are good seeding-beds for Communism.

Sustained wrath acts as a drug, and is apt to eliminate the Christian virtues. But in this book Sir Roy is continuously fair to his opponents, not perhaps at the moment of exasperation, but retrospectively, or on another occasion. When Mr Macleod sends him a detailed note of a conversation with someone he applauds the act. Dr Banda, he says, on leaving the airport for London bade his followers behave like ladies and gentlemen, and added that he hoped Europeans would stay in the Territory. At an interview with Sir Roy " Banda was quite amiable." It might be supposed from the book that Mr Harold Macmillan was Sir Roy's arch-enemy, but he says, " I found myself immediately admiring the resolution, skill and courage with which he tackled his tasks."

Above: Sir Roy with Lord Home (then Commonwealth Relations Secretary) **Above:** Mr Sandys welcomes

Sir Roy is frank in his admission of mistakes. In 1952 he let slip an unfortunate phrase, " If the Africans don't come in with the Europeans they will face the fate of the Red Indians in North America." He acknowledges that he failed to perceive the implications of this remark. By " fate " he meant stagnation, social, economic and political, and not liquidation, but he gave mischief-makers a weapon which he had cause to regret. But as an ardent advocate of a cause he naturally prefers to speak of errors where his better judgment was faulted by the disappointing behaviour of others. On November 26, 1959, he put out a statement, " I was pleased to note that from the exchange of views in the Commons the United Kingdom Government have stood firm on the terms of reference for the Commission and they will not be varied." He based this observation on the message he had just received from Mr Macmillan, and he concludes, " It was a serious mistake, which I have later had occasion deeply to regret."

There is no failure in politics as great as lack of luck. " I say it quite without complaint, and as objectively as I can: my share of luck was on the thin side." From the first page to the last, this book is a catalogue of decisions, each of which records a reluctant compliance with what went before, coupled with an energetic denunciation of what was supposed to follow. In such a fashion Dr Banda was released from Gwelo jail on April 1, 1960. In such a fashion Welensky agreed, in spite of Mr Macmillan's undertaking to him of April 7, 1959, to accept an announcement that there would be no changes in the Northern Rhodesian constitution until after the Federal Review. Again, he was determined to resist Mr Butler's right to make a declaration on the dissolution of the Federation, but did not in fact do so. He cried out instead, " Britain has lost the will to govern in Africa, and is utterly reckless of the fate of the inhabitants of the present Federation. By contrast, we in the Federation have neither lost faith in ourselves nor in our will to govern decently and fairly." But the Federation is now governing nothing at all, and Sir Roy himself helped in the obsequies. " In the nine months that elapsed we of the Federal Government and our officials co-operated loyally in all the measures necessary to bring about the destruction of all we had created." One may not care for the sharp language of Mr Iain Macleod's review of this book in the *Spectator* of May 29, but it is impossible to dissent from one sentence, " Welensky never conceded anything until he found himself in the last ditch, and then he conceded everything."

Fabius Cunctator won most of his delaying encounters. Welensky kept up a running fire against the enemy, but he never staged a pitched

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** Welensky's 4000 Days—The Life and Death of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, by Sir Roy Welensky, P.C., K.C.M.G. Collins. 36s.*

Far left: Dr Hastings Banda was visited in prison by Mr Dingle Foot (left)
Below: Mr Macleod inspects

ir Roy W elensky

Illustrations on these pages are from the book under review

Right: Mr Macmillan visits the Federal Assembly

battle which lasted any time. There is constant evidence in the book of a failure to follow up a detente or slight advantage gained. There are one or two hot-tempered exits from the room, but no face-to-face rows are recorded, which in the circumstances is quite extraordinary. " When Duncan Sandys arrived at New Sarum on the morning of Monday, September 12, and he and I met for the first time, we both knew that a terrible piece of high explosive, with a four-weeks' time-fuse attached to it, lay between us." Sir Roy did not light the fuse. Why not? He let Sandys go out on his travels in the Territories so as to get himself into a better mood to receive him when he returned, and while he was there the hard core of Nyasaland detainees were released—a thing against which Welensky had been campaigning for weeks. When Sandys returned to Salisbury they agreed about the publication date of the Monckton Report, and agreed that the two Governments would try to hammer out some kind of joint statement on the Report itself. Sandys was allowed to leave Salisbury on September 23 with no more done or said than that.

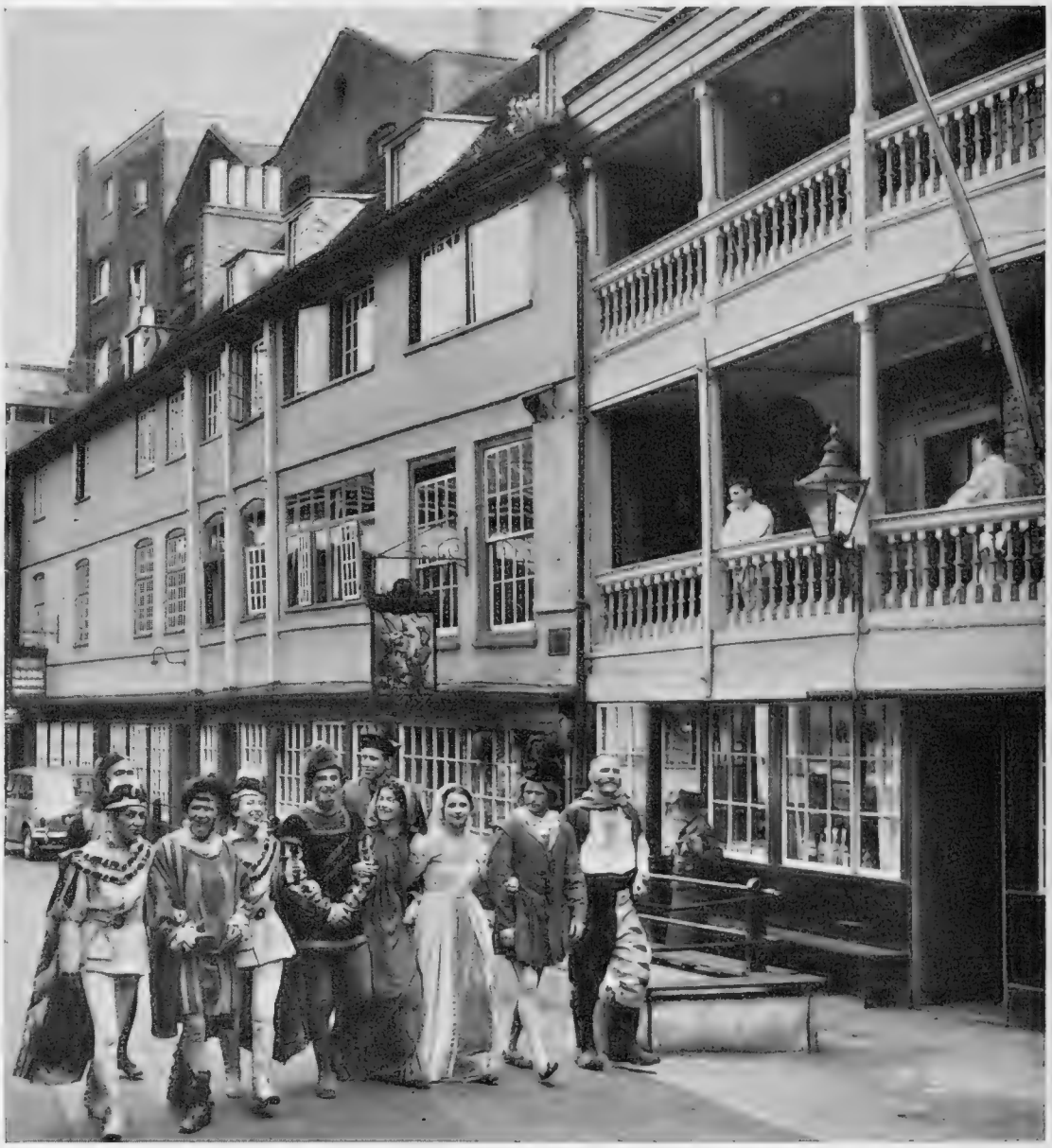
Welensky is a warm-hearted and genial man. The word " courtesy " appeals to him, as if he always imagined himself to be in the position of either host or guest. As a host he will receive his visitor's bouquet without looking for the worm in the bud. It is a great honour to be a Commonwealth Prime Minister, and as a guest in the Home Country he must watch his political manners to see that they do not overstep the bounds of decency. " In his letter of July 20, 1960, Iain Macleod set out in detail the ways in which, ever since we had met in Salisbury some five months earlier, he had kept closely in touch with me, and, whenever possible, deferred to my view even if he did not share it. I saw that I had pierced this proud and sensitive man's armour, but I don't think I realised then how deeply and permanently I might have wounded him, for I have been accustomed all my life to speak my mind, in public or in private, and to give and take without malice at the time or any grudge afterwards. However, I apologised at once, asked his forgiveness, and offered an explanation."

The defects of statesmen appear as much in their omission as in their acts. There is no passage in the book which records that Sir Roy ever attempted to exact the reasons for British appeasement. In all the negotiations, talks and interviews he never seems to have tried to meet or resolve the fundamental philosophical difference adumbrated at the beginning of this review between his attitude and that of the British Government on the economic, as opposed to the constitutional, approach to political advancement. And yet here we have a clever and robust man surrounded by a trained staff of sufficient intellectual power for the purpose. Nor is it recorded in the book that in any of the long-drawn-out passages of arms he stoutly defended his Government's cherished belief in multiracialism, and had his views approved—when he could have held the British Government to them by public statements—or doubted and thrown aside—when he could have forced his battle into the laps of the political parties here at home. It has to be said that the wind of change blew the Prime Minister of the Central African Federation before it on narrow skids from beginning to end. He veered and swerved, but he never came to a halt and faced about.

A great section of the Conservative Party believes with Welensky that the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was " a noble concept which could have succeeded, and which if it had been permitted to continue could have provided a truly significant example to the world of how people of different race and different territorial origins could live and work together for their mutual advantage and betterment." It is perhaps now possible to continue the experiment in Southern Rhodesia, and Sir Roy ends his deeply interesting and well-written account on this note of hope. He lives now in that country as a private citizen without responsibility for great affairs, growing tobacco and potatoes for market. There was another man before the last war who was thrown out of office for ten years. He spent his time painting and building walls until destiny met up with him. It may be that an encounter with Sir Roy, too, has already been arranged.

AMATEURS AT SOUTHWARK

396 The Borough of Southwark, on the south bank of the Thames in London, is marking the quatercentenary of the birth of Shakespeare in various ways. Among them is a series of Saturday matinees in the Courtyard of the George Inn by amateur dramatic groups. The first of the plays was *The Taming of the Shrew* performed by Lambeth Drama Club on May 16. The following Saturday saw *Twelfth Night* by the Student Theatre Group. Then came *Hamlet* by New Park Theatre Club (May 30) and *Richard III* by Hovenden Showboat (June 6). This week, on June 13, *Love's Labour's Lost* is being given by Northern Polytechnic Shakespeare Players. *Twelfth Night* comes again on June 20, but this time from the Amateur Classical Theatre. The last three performances are *Henry IV, Part II* by the Argosy Players (July 4); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by the Islington Players (July 11) and *The Taming of the Shrew* by Richmond Shakespeare Society (July 18).



Above: Fay Reeve as Bianca and Geoffrey Holman as Hortensio in the Lambeth Drama Club's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the George Inn in Southwark

Top: Members of the Student Theatre Group of the St. Marylebone Literary Institute in the inn after they had given a performance of *Twelfth Night*

Top right: Another photograph of the cast of the Student Theatre Group strolling past the inn

Right: Some of the Lambeth Drama Club on the balcony of the famous old building in Borough High St.

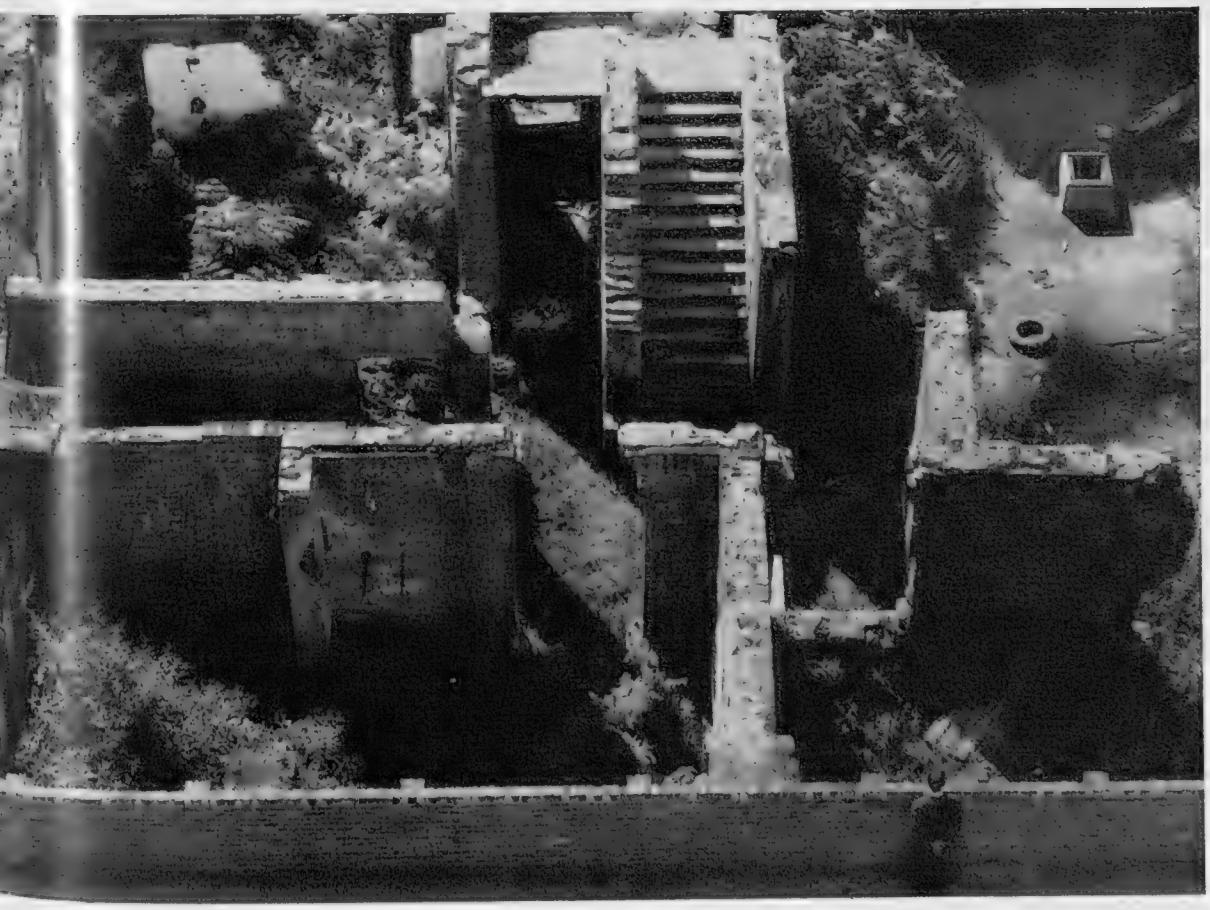
NEW CITY LANDMARKS

From the area which received some of London's worst attacks during the blitz, is rising one of the City's most ambitious office buildings. The new British Petroleum headquarters on the northern part of the Barbican redevelopment area will be nearly 400 ft. high and will be the tallest office building in the City of London.

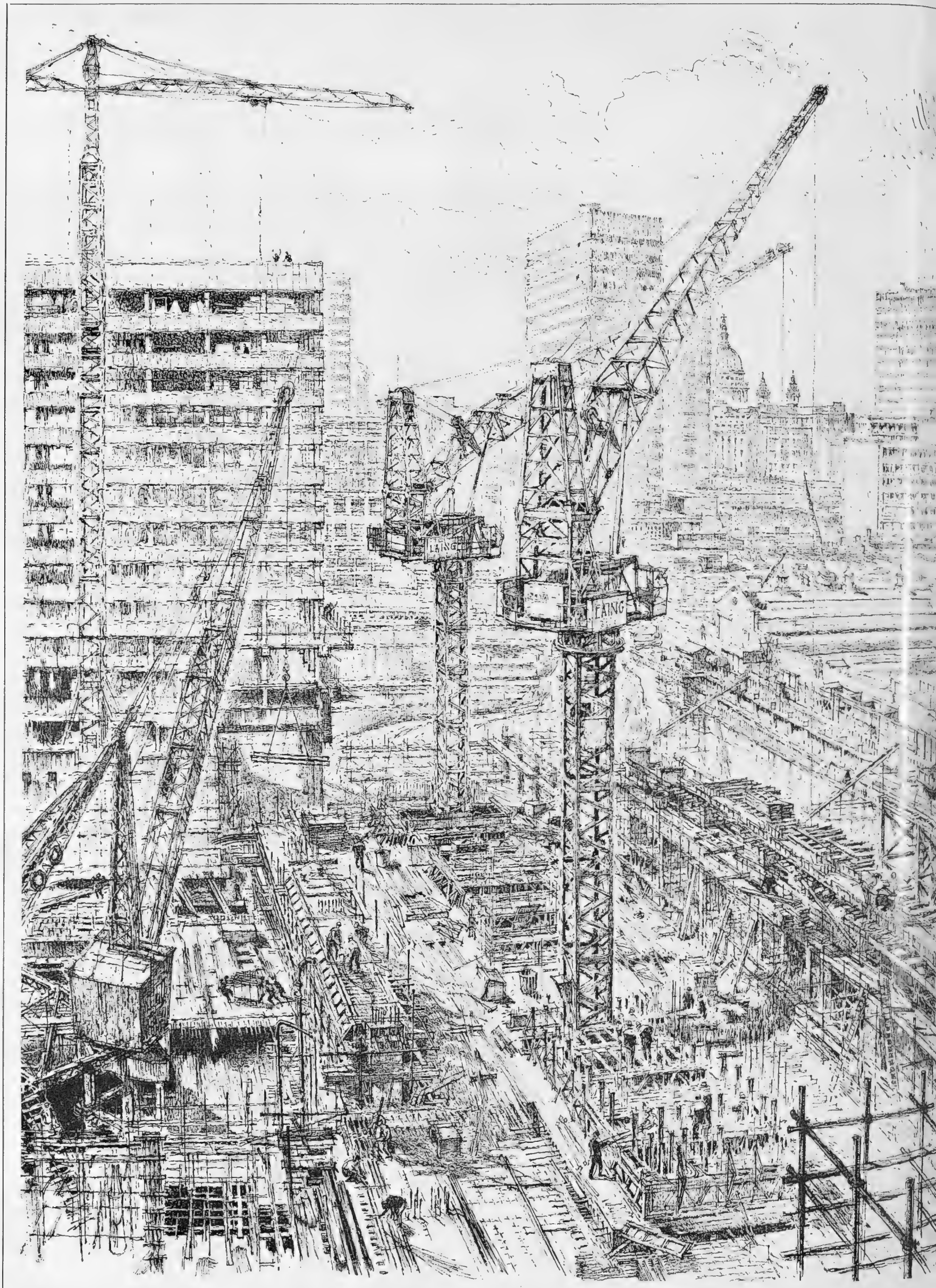
The Barbican was originally a Roman Watch Tower. For centuries the area lay outside the boundary wall of the City and was a moorland with forests and wild animals just beyond. Hamlets and farms appeared in medieval times and slowly the craftsmen's cottages became more numerous. In Elizabeth I's reign the Barbican was a fashionable suburb where wealthy merchants lived in mansions surrounded by spacious gardens and orchards. Milton was a resident for two years in the mid-17th century and was buried in the nearby church of St. Giles in Cripplegate-Without where incidentally Oliver Cromwell was married. In 1766 the remaining sections of the London Wall were pulled down and the 19th century saw the Barbican as an area of crowded warehouses and dingy workshops. During the day the streets were crammed but at night it was almost deserted.

In addition to office accommodation, a new community scheme also forms part of the Barbican Redevelopment area. This comprises 2,071 flats and maisonettes to house 6,500 people. Amenities for the community will include a theatre, a concert hall and an art gallery. Completion of the whole development should be finished in 1969 and by that time it is estimated that the cost will have been £31 million.

The new BP building will house upward of 2,000 staff. Contract for the construction went to John Laing Construction Limited and excavations on the *continued on page 400*



Above: An artist's impression of the new BP head office building in the Barbican
Top left: A view of part of the Barbican area shows work on the re-lining of the Central-Metropolitan Line Railway. St. Giles, Cripplegate, is on the right
Left: The site of the BP building in September, 1962. Construction work started in November of the same year. The derelict staircases and walls were the last reminders of the blitzed area (See following pages)



NEW CITY LANDMARKS

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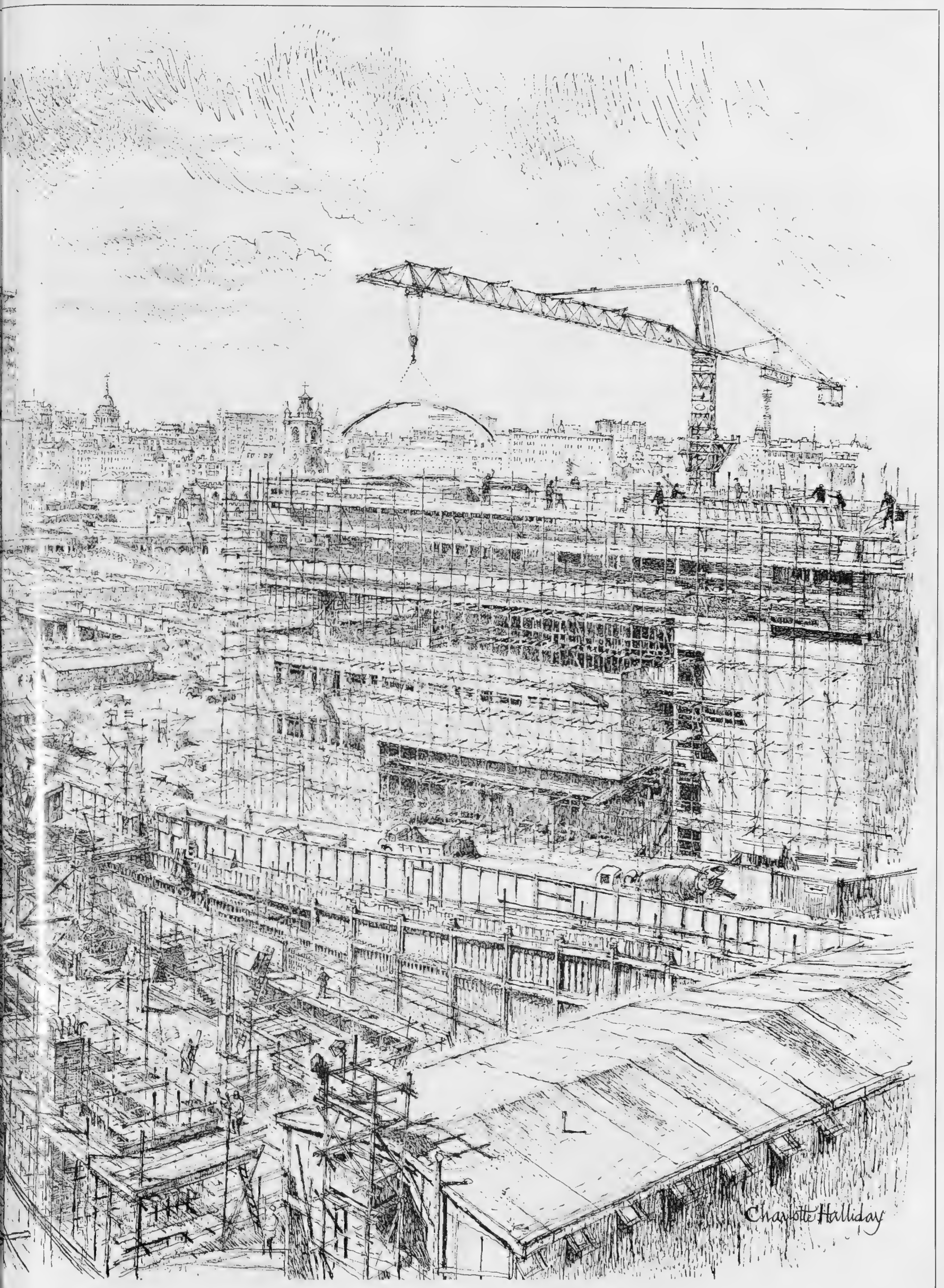
This special drawing by Charlotte Halliday shows work in progress on part
Barbican Redevelopment area. The drawing was made from the roof of the e



BP building in Ropemaker Street, and shows in the foreground the construction of the company's new headquarters. In the background the tall buildings of the new London Wall (formerly Route 11) tower over St. Paul's Cathedral (centre left) and the Old Bailey (centre right). The tower of St. Giles Church, Cripplegate, is to the right

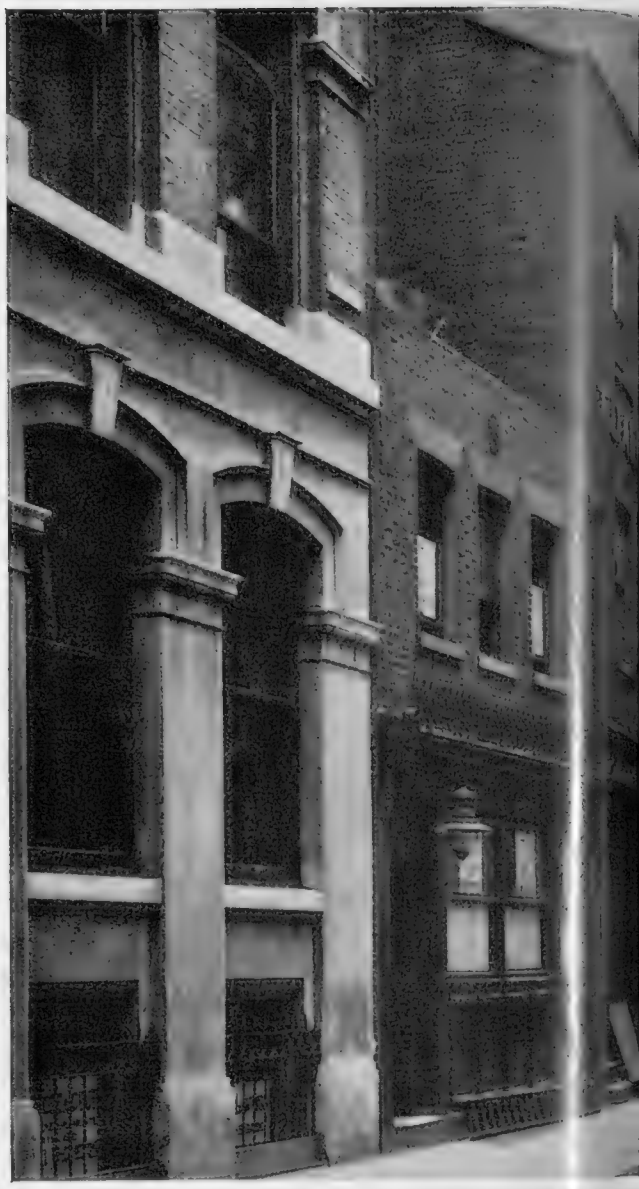
NEW CITY LANDMARKS

continued from page 397

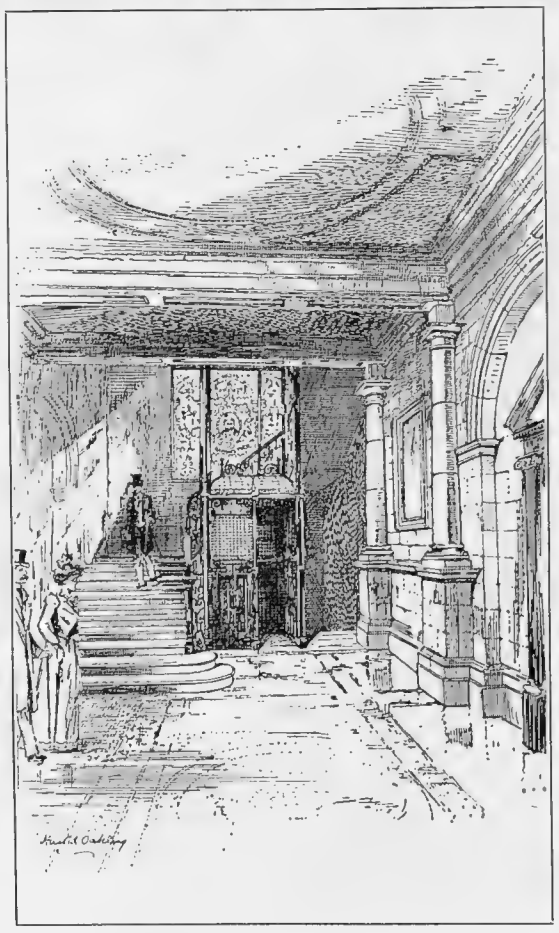
400 £12 million building began towards the end of 1962. The project is expected to be ready for occupation late in 1966. The site is bounded on the east by Moorfields, on the north by Ropemaker Street, on the west by Moor Lane and on the south by the Metropolitan Railway and Moorgate station. Excavations for the tower block reached 70 ft. A two-storey viewing gallery is on the site so that the public can follow the construction progress, and information and plans of the building are on display.

GUILDHALL LIBRARY

GUILDHALL LIBRARY



Above: An old drawing of Fore Street and St. Giles Cripplegate-Without. John Milton and Sir Martin Frobisher are buried in the church, which is in the area of the Barbican redevelopment
Top: St. Giles Cripplegate-Without in 1895
Right: A view of the interior of Raphael House which stood on the site of the new BP building
Centre right: Houses on the west side of Little Moorfields as they were in the nineteenth century



RAPHAEL TUCK

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CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE

Above: A painting of the old City of London College which formed part of the area now being developed
Above left: The grey streets of Little Moorfields in 1913
Left: Cherry-blossom time in the heart of the City before the construction work began on the BP headquarters site in 1962

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TOWN AND COUNTRY BIRD

402 I think that the most extraordinary thing that has happened, natural historically, in this neighbourhood since I have been living here—and that is a matter of more than 30 years—is the sudden, and huge, drop in the numbers of wood pigeons. The green woodpecker has disappeared: I have not seen nor heard one for more than a year now. For that the bitterly cold weather of early 1963 can be blamed. And that long cold spell was also, surely, responsible for the present scarcity of song thrushes and wrens hereabouts.

But the cold spell of early 1963 did not seem to affect the wood pigeon to any great extent. I think that it did drive them into the outskirts of the towns from the open country, but once there they did well enough. There were any number in our garden and spinney, and in wooded gardens much nearer the town. And, though a good many died, I do not know that that cold winter really took any greater toll than a normal winter. Certainly, there were plenty left to nest when spring came. The clatter of wood pigeons leaving their nests was the normal accompaniment to a walk through the spinney. And all through the summer of 1963 that lovely lazy lullaby—" How now, brown cow, how "—dripped from the trees, drowsed over the garden. There were wood pigeons about—in normal numbers I should have said—throughout the autumn and winter. The drop in numbers came with the spring. Very few, compared with previous years, nested and now, when I see a wood pigeon, I am as pleased as when I see a song thrush.

I find this comparative scarcity (and I am not sure that I am justified in using the word " comparative ") extraordinary because I have always thought the wood pigeon to be one of those birds—like the blue tit and the great tit, the house sparrow, the greenfinch and the chaffinch, the robin, and now also the blackbird—to be one of those birds which have taken advantage of man and his works. The spread of building has certainly not discouraged the tits or the sparrows. All they want is a house and a bit of a garden, and they are happier than they would be without them. And I am sure that the increase in building has brought about an increase in the numbers of greenfinches and chaffinches and blackbirds. And really all a wood pigeon wants is some trees—and it is not in the least particular what sort of trees: it will nest in any sort of tree, deciduous or evergreen, and even in tall hedgerows—and access to farmland or a vegetable plot. The wood pigeon has all that around here, ideal conditions in fact, and for years has made full use of them. Suddenly, it has become, if not a scarce bird, at least a not over-plentiful one.

The tendency, of course, is to blame agricultural sprays, chemical sprays: and there can be no doubt at all that these do do a vast amount of harm to bird life in general. But, in this particular neighbourhood, agricultural sprays cannot be blamed. And I have not heard that there has been any noticeable drop in wood pigeon numbers on the neighbouring farmland. It seems to be only in this small, narrow valley that their numbers have noticeably decreased.

Not seeing so many, one naturally pays more attention to them. I cannot say that I have ever paid much attention to their courtship before. Of course, I have noticed the flight of courting birds: the way they breast the air noisily clapping their wings. Of course, I have noticed the way the puffed-out male struts around the female, making a throaty gurgle strongly reminiscent of a club smoking-room during the hour after lunch. But all that stuff about billing and cooing, about the gentle dove: that is nonsense. The ring dove, the wood pigeon, at least is astonishingly rough in his courtship. He does not muzzle the female: he smites her. His is the " caveman technique." I remember now that in one of his books Edmund Selous, a most careful observer, remarks on the roughness of the male as a wooer; how he had noticed a male drive a female from tree to tree, even pushing her off the branch, until she submitted. You can see the same sort of thing happen on the ground: that puffed out strut can become most aggressive. Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, remarks upon the patience of the female dove. And, indeed, she is the most patient of creatures; for, at the end of this throaty rough-and-tumble, she has not, I think, a devoted partner.

All the poets ascribe to the dove an unchanging fidelity. Indeed, the poets maintain that not only will a dove that has lost its mate remain single for life, but that it will not even drink from a pool until after sunset because it cannot bear to see the image of its lost love.

Here is Chaucer, in his *Parlement of Foules:*

> Nay, God forbede a lover shulde chaunge
> The turtle seyde and wex sor shame red;
> Though that his lady ever more be straunge
> Yet let him serven her til he be deed.
> For though she deyede I wol non other make
> I wol ben hires til that the deth me take.

I suppose that the old country belief that the two eggs normally laid always result in a cock and a hen, and that these two always mate year after year until death do them part, gave rise to this strange conceit. One cannot, of course, be absolutely sure about wild birds: but tame pigeons are certainly not faithful unto death. They are as promiscuous as can be. And, so far as I have been able to observe, the wood pigeon is no more moral. And I think that it was perhaps a closer observation of his marital habits which gave rise to another old country belief; you cannot die easy if there is a pigeon's feather in the mattress.

I suppose that I should be glad that there are, this year, so few wood pigeons about. There is an old proverb which runs: " Women, priests, poultry and pigeons are never satisfied." Pigeons are certainly no friends of the gardener and our garden, our vegetables, will certainly be the better this year for their absence. And yet, I would gladly sacrifice a row of peas for the sound of that sweet call from the top of the oak tree on a hot afternoon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HOSKING

The ring dove, or wood pigeon, is a voracious eater and a pest to the farmer

YACHTING

The yearbooks of most organisations may be most useful, crammed full of important and indispensable information, but on the whole they are humdrum. While their arrival signifies the passing of another year, they give no great pleasure. This cannot be said about the Yearbook of the Royal Yachting Association recently published for 1964. Each time this little book arrives, although it looks just the same as its predecessor, there is always something refreshingly new inside.

Needless to say the immense growth of yachting and boating generally is reflected in the progress of this book. We see that in 1946 (the association was founded in 1875 and was originally known as the YRA, Yacht Racing Association) there were 321 recognised clubs and 273 personal members. Through steady growth, the rate of which has increased every year, by the end of 1963 the figures had risen to 1,181 clubs and 17,358 personal members.

The new yearbook also records the extension of the RYA's authority to powerboating and powerboat racing which took place in 1963. Since its foundation the RYA has always maintained that it serves the interests of all yachtsmen, including powerboat owners. It has always been supported by motor yacht clubs and other yacht clubs with substantial fleets of motorboats. It was at the request of such clubs that the Council of the RYA asked for appointment as the national authority for the United Kingdom. As a result of many negotiations, this appointment was made by the Union Internationale Motonautique in December, 1963. We learn from the yearbook that Ralph Loosemore has been to a great extent responsible for this achievement, and that he now heads the Divisional Committee which is to administer the various powerboat activities. The four principal branches of the sport are represented on it, offshore racing, competition cruising, runabout racing and hydroplane racing, each of these forming a subcommittee. Now the yearbook contains a list of powerboat clubs and classes and a complete fixture calendar of powerboat events during 1964, bringing the information provided to the same level as that given in connection with sailing, yacht-racing and dinghy-racing. The Powerboat Fixtures include the International Rally for the Pavillon d'Or to be organised by the Yacht and Motorboat Association between July 18 and 31.

For the first time permission has been granted for a large fleet of yachts to berth in the centre of London. The yachts will assemble at Ostend, be escorted from there to Ramsgate and, after two days there, will continue and sail up the Thames where they will be moored in St Katherine's Dock, within a stone's throw of the Tower of London. For seven days the participating yachtsmen will enjoy a glorious and full programme in London.

Other new and useful features in the yearbook include a definitive article on Flag Etiquette, a providential Memorandum on Salvage, and for the first time the Minimum Requirements for a Yacht racing as a Cruising Yacht. These are only a few of the additions to the regular informative features which are themselves ever growing in size.

International One Design Yachts racing off Bermuda, where the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club sponsors races every Thursday

TO WALES VIA WESSEX BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Above: Broad Haven on St. Brides Bay, Pembrokeshire. The town is in the National Park

I had occasion recently to go by a round-about route from London to South Wales. My journey took me through Winchester, where I was able to have a look at Trust Houses' new Wessex Hotel. The detour was well worth while. The hotel stands in the very shadow of the Cathedral and it is not often that the mid-1960's can be so remarkably reconciled with the mellow past.

Red brick, flint and Portland stone have gone into facing the reinforced concrete frame of the Wessex. Great areas of glass toy with reflections; elms cast their shadows, framing glorious glimpses of the Cathedral from the hotel rooms. Open planning has contributed modern spaciousness, but equally provides partitioning for more intimate an atmosphere. Colours are muted to lovely spring and autumn tones, and the attention to detail is irreproachable, from the washing powder and shower cap in each bathroom to the reading material thoughtfully provided and the carefully chosen lithographs on the bedroom walls. In the bar, a stained glass screen designed by John Piper explodes with light. Yet not quite all is modern. Excavations revealed traces of a large Roman dwelling. Roman coins, items of pottery, a late Saxon cooking pan were found; so was a Norman well now re-erected in the bar.

A wing in red brick stands on sturdy rounded pillars and here is the covered garage space. It is a mere step across the green into the lofty nave of the Cathedral, and so much modernity in such close proximity could have been a disaster. It is, on the contrary, a rousing success.

Rates at the Wessex are: £2 10s to £3 10s for a single room; £4 5s to £5 for a double; £7 for a double suite. All the 93 rooms have private bath. Reservations are taken for the restaurant until 10 p.m., while the Buttery is open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

It was hard to tear oneself away from such striking architectural harmony between old and new, but it was time to leave for Cardiff and an experiment in car hire. Through the Autobritn Plan, operated by Victor Britain Ltd., in association with British Railways, it is possible to book a self-drive car (reservation fee, 5s) at the same time as you buy your railway ticket, and find the car waiting for you at any one of 50 or more stations throughout the UK. With slight regional variations, rates, according to the size of the vehicle, range from £1 10s to £3 10s a day, or £9 to £21 a week, plus a mileage charge of 8d to 1s, including petrol. Allied to this scheme is Victor Britain's Gold Card, a credit facility subject to the usual conditions, which also obviates the need to pay a deposit.

At Cardiff, my Vauxhall Viva (I dislike driving large cars) was ready and waiting. Since the purpose of the exercise was to tour Pembrokeshire, I took the shortest route via Bridgend and Port Talbot (one of the worst bottlenecks I have met for a long time) to Carmarthen where, without much regret, I left the diesel fumes of the A48 to breathe thankfully the cleaner air of the A40. It became cleaner still and even more blessedly rural after branching off at St. Clears on to the road for Tenby and Saundersfoot, and these qualities remained with me all the way through Pembrokeshire.

May, of course, is an ideal time for places like Tenby. Though there seemed plenty of traffic in the resort itself, for it takes few enough cars to crowd some of its narrow streets, the magnificent expanses of its North and South beaches were almost empty. These beaches, Castle Hill, the harbour, the glorious old town walls (above which the television aerials contrive to look very ridiculous indeed) and the fine parish church of St. Mary's (Early English and Perpendicular) combine to give Tenby considerably more character than is usually associated with a popular seaside centre.

Saundersfoot, a few miles to one side, and Manorbier, a few miles on the other, are the obvious smaller places from which one can enjoy the facilities of Tenby, though at the height of the season it will be necessary to go a good deal farther than this. My own

Above: Old stone houses at Fishguard

Above: Inside one of the twin-bedded studio rooms at the Wessex Hotel, Winchester
Top: From a corner of the north wall of the Cathedral, the outline of the Wessex Hotel is broken by trees
Right: The restaurant of the Wessex Hotel, one of the most modern in the Trust Houses group of hotels

suggestion—and this I discovered by chance—is the coastline of St. Brides Bay and the rugged headland to the south of it, most of which is untouched by any main road and some of which is untouched by any road at all.

This voyage of discovery took me first through Pembroke which is not, as I had ignorantly supposed, the county town (it is, of course, Haverfordwest), but which has a castle well worth visiting. Pembrokeshire in any case is very much a land of castles, and most of them are worth visiting, but that of Pembroke, birthplace of Henry VII, is especially satisfying in its state of preservation and restoration; it is also a marvellous place for children, for its spiral staircases and wall walks form a continuous labyrinth of bewildering complexity in which to lose oneself—and one's parents!

About two miles north of Pembroke, the Neyland Ferry provides the link across the Milford Haven estuary, "timetable subject to the usual hazards of navigation." As the crossing is only a few hundred yards in length, one cannot imagine the hazards being very great, though I can imagine the wait being quite considerable in the summer.

From Neyland, it is a mere eight miles to Haverfordwest, and it was on the outskirts of this pleasant county town that I allowed myself to be lured away from the sinuous main road by the even more sinuous B4341 to Broad Haven. It is well named, for this Haven's beach is indeed broad, while tiny neighbouring Little Haven, over the brow of the cliff and down the car-width lane the other side, clusters round a cove and is very small indeed. But from here there are any number of beaches to be visited, in some cases with nary an hotel or a house within sight of them. One such is Marloes Sands, quite a stiff walk from the road, but presenting a marvellous stretch of sandy beach combined with caves and remarkable rock formations.

From Broad Haven, you can follow the narrow coastal road to join the main road for St. David's at Newgate. Just after you have climbed out of Broad Haven, a gate on the left (easily missed) bears a notice "Coastal road, please close the gate." This is the old coastal road, a bit rough and just wide enough to take one car but well worth following. It eventually joins the new one before Newgate. This whole stretch of several miles is very fine indeed and barely developed at all. Soon after joining the main road, three miles before St. David's, there is yet another small gem: Solva, nestling at the head of a narrow creek of almost fjord-like appearance. It is a charming little place (with The Ship as a friendly inn) and provides evidence once again that the villages of south-west Wales are far easier on the eye than those of the north-west.

From several places on this coast there are boat trips to islands such as Ramsey (seals) and Skomer (birds) or, with difficulty, Grassholm (seals and, especially, gannets). On Skokholm there is the oldest established bird observatory in Britain, but visitors cannot stay less than a week.

Whatever else you see or do not see of the monuments of Pembrokeshire, you must on no account miss St. David's. The Cathedral of what is now little more than a village is of the utmost beauty, with the fine remains of the medieval Bishop's Palace to the west of it, and the remnants of St. Mary's College to the north. Its wealth of detail is described in an excellent guide book available in the Cathedral; suffice it to mention highlights such as the superb 16th-century nave roof of Irish oak, the choir stalls, the medieval sculptures, and the marvellous unity of this beautifully restored edifice. The relics of St. David, of course, are here, too; and so is the tomb of Edmund Tudor, father of Henry VII, prominently if rather inconveniently placed just off-centre in the middle of the Presbytery.

Back in Cardiff, I left the car at Rhoose Airport where it was duly collected by the Autobritn agent for the area. It was all wonderfully fuss-free.

For further information: Welsh Tourist Board, 7 Park Place, Cardiff; or British Travel and Holidays Association, 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

MEMORIES RELIVED

406 **Late in the Day** by Ernest Raymond: Cassell. 18s, tells the story of one of those humdrum little men, the kind of whom Nevil Shute used to write, who after many years revisits the Ypres Salient and relives his memories of the 1914-1918 war. Mr Blaize is 64 when we meet him walking along the peaceful, summer-time Menin Road and when, a day or two later, he joins his middle-aged wife for a few days' visit to Paris. It is there that Mr Blaize receives a kind of illuminating vision which, he decides, will alter his life and shape it into one dedicated to self-abnegation and thoughtfulness for others. How this in fact works out is often very funny indeed and Mr Raymond has written a touching, humorous novel which often achieves tenderness without being in the least whimsical.

Happy Birds by R. H. Mottram: Hutchinson. 16s. Mr Mottram has written about two middle-aged men, once school fellows, and their differing destinies in present day England. One of them has an obscure but not wholly unhappy life; the other, far more gifted and pursuing an exhausting career, finds that he achieves not even a modicum of domestic stability. Linking them is the daughter of the quiet man and she, in the end, is to have a profound effect on her father's erstwhile companion. This quietly written, exceedingly human tale has the hallmark of Mr Mottram's professionalism and that, to the discerning reader, means a great deal.

The Trophy by Robin Francis: W. H. Allen. 18s, is not only set in modern Rome but in that well defined inner Roman world of which Henry James once delighted to write. A rich American with an embassy appointment brings his family to the city and it is soon understood that his daughter will marry the younger son of one of the great Roman families. Unfortunately, this well-laid plan is totally shattered owing to the visit of an American niece who captivates Prince Marcantonio and, since she is without fortune, poses a major problem in all directions. Miss Francis quite evidently knows her Rome, its palaces and its society, very well indeed. She writes with plenty of vitality and this unsentimental love story makes beguiling reading.

The Next Fine Day by Elizabeth Yates: Dent. 15s, is a mild-mannered, warm-hearted story about a mother and son living in one of the prettiest villages in Kent, that place to which herons traditionally return on St. Valentine's Day and presage good luck for the community. This has been going on for at least a thousand years of recorded time and Miss Yates, an American writer who has been responsible for several children's books, makes the most of a happy natural phenomenon. The line drawings which illustrate her story are by Nora Unwin.

Loyalty is My Honour by Ewan Butler: Cassell. 30s. The author of this long and thoughtful novel on the subject of Nazism and its effect on a reasonable German character has himself had long experience of Germany and was a newspaper correspondent in Berlin just before the war when he became acquainted with many of the most notorious Nazis, including Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. His experience is wide and he may even, like the narrator of his story, have a love-hate relationship with the country. Be that as it may, his novel about a young man, son of a Prussian nobleman and professional soldier, who joins the Nazi party and the S.S., has authenticity and an inherent drama which is never expressed in terms of hysteria but always with good sense and moderation. Although this is not, for many reasons, my favourite subject for fiction I found myself reading it with close attention and, indeed, with enjoyment.

Dragon in Paradise by John McNally: W. H. Allen. 25s, has an original setting and is, once again, the work of a man with practical experience of his theme. Mr McNally was in Thailand with the American group of military advisers to that government and it is of this background and of the relationships between the American visitors and the Thais that he writes with such comprehension and such an admirable lack of political bias. The author's style is unpretentious but vivid and racy. His book could serve as an introduction to a place and a policy of which many of us, myself included, are quite ignorant.

Gillian Lo by Lois Mitchison: Faber. 25s, is about a Chinese husband and a half-English, half-Chinese wife who go back from Sheffield to their own country in time to be caught up in the Chinese revolution, the Korean war and the subsequent unhappy birth pangs of a new state. Miss Mitchison's own training as a reporter in Hong Kong and China has given her a good idea of the atmosphere, both political and domestic, of the country of which she writes and her own novelist's interpretation of history has a certain freshness and pictorial quality. **Vernon Fane**

Uppark and its People. Allen and Unwin. 25s. For 30 years, Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh has laboured to restore the glories of Uppark on the Sussex High Downs by a magic process and from its archives to record the lives of the families who lived there. With the help of Oliver Warner, the massive material she collected has been admirably reduced to a history of 100 pages. This moderate-sized William and Mary house was built by the

BRIGHTER CRICKET

Among new books are some that reveal the Summer Game in its happiest light:

The Young Cricketer's Companion by Sir Learie Constantine: Souvenir Press. 21s.

Parson's Pitch by David Sheppard: Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.

Ins and Outs by Norman O'Neill: Pelham Books. 25s.

Ten Great Innings by Ralph Barker: Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Wisden Cricketers' Almanack 1964 edited by Norman Preston: Sporting Handbooks. 22s 6d (limp covers) or 25s (cloth boards).

Rothmans Book of Test Matches—England v. Australia 1946-63 edited by Ted Dexter: Arthur Barker. 18s.

Britannica Book of the Year 1964 Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd. £5.

100 Years of Specialised Shipbuilding and Engineering by K. C. Barnaby: Hutchinson. 40s.

Cricket should be a joyful game. Most people believe in the prime necessity for this. Perhaps in achieving it in recent years we owe most of all to West Indian cricketers and West Indian crowds (with a few exceptions). Even the semi-sepulchral atmosphere of the grandstand at Lords had to yield during the last West Indian Test series to the enthusiasm of the coloured folk from Paddington and North Kensington who poured into the famous ground intent on cheering nearly every ball bowled and certainly every boundary scored. Sir Learie Constantine, that brilliant West Indian envoy both on the cricket field and off, who came to England in 1928 with the first West Indian Test team to enter Test cricket, expounds the theory and practice of joyful cricket in his book *The Young Cricketer's Companion*. He covers every phase of the game, which is what one would expect from one of the greatest of all-rounders, and illustrates the complex tactics and strategy of cricket with anecdotes about some of the leading players of his day. On captaincy Sir Learie writes wittily and well; and surely his advice is sound on the treatment of lady visitors to the club; "as with enemy bowlers go down the pitch to them."

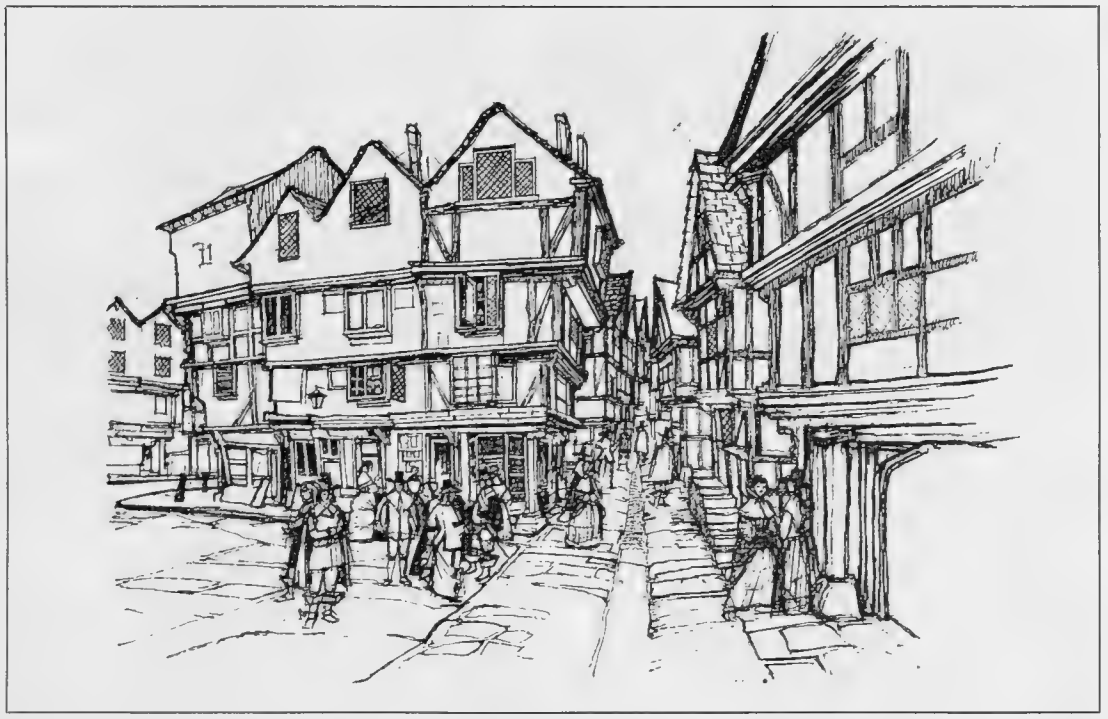
David Sheppard, the cricketing reverend who has spent the last six years as Warden of the Mayflower Family Centre in Canning Town, and who has given pleasure to thousands on the cricket fields of England and the Commonwealth, writes of his experiences in *Parson's Pitch*. This mixture of religion and cricket in one volume makes good reading, because David Sheppard's diverse stories are worth telling, so why disentangle them when they are so obviously mixed together in the web of his life? Sheppard is a great admirer of Ted Dexter and, observing him closely on the field, has come to the conclusion that most of the time he is playing the game on quite another level to any other player, hitting the ball with a combination of brilliance and brutal force at moments when other players are just stroking themselves in. "Ride your luck and keep going" seems to be the Dexter line. Runs with him have to be made in the grand manner or not at all. Here is another exponent of joyful cricket in the Constantine tradition.

Norman O'Neill, that ace of hard hitting Australian batsmen, who seems set for another great season in England, has also written his reminiscences. In many ways they are as modest as David Sheppard's, and certainly as generous in their judgment of others, revealing above all how deeply he cares for the game and the need for it to be a worthwhile spectacle. One episode in the career of Norman O'Neill on which he often ponders was the offer he received to play baseball for the New York Yankees. In turning it down he turned down a fortune, and he stayed in the game he loves.

Ralph Barker in *Ten Great Innings* recalls his own personal experiences as a cricketing eye-witness. Jack Hobbs, Learie Constantine, Stan McCabe, Don Bradman, Len Hutton and Denis Compton are here revealed in some of their greatest moments, with a sure touch and a strong feeling for the game. Not all the innings described were carefree, Hobbs's contribution being the product of intense application on the stickiest of wickets. Mr Barker recaptures these occasions with enormous zest, but omits any verbal flourishes.

Fords, an ingenious and shifty family which acquired the peerage of Tankerville, and in 1747 it was sold to the Northumbrian family of Fetherstonhaugh. In that ownership it remained until near the end of Victoria's reign. Thereafter the great house passed to a son of Lord Winterton during his lifetime and then to the present owners in the 1930's.

Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh with supreme taste, employing the best masters of his day, gave the house the perfections it enjoys again today, and his son, Sir Harry, once a boon companion of the Regent, carried on the work with Repton's help. And as Sir Harry knew it, Uppark may be substantially viewed today—a living museum almost unique in England. Tragedy spared it. Its ghosts evoke no tears deeper than are shed for the follies of " Florizel " and the early love-life of Emma Hamilton. Time and chance fought to preserve its glories. Late in life, Sir Harry married his 21-year-old dairymaid. He left the house to her; she in turn to her young sister, who survived to the mid-1890's. Neither did anything to spoil it. My own memories of Uppark are lifelong and all happy. So it is that I cherish my queer link with the past. I can claim truthfully to have been entertained by the sister-in-law of a man born in the reign of George III's grandfather. Sir Harry was born in 1754. George II died in 1760. Sir Harry's " little sister-in-law " gave children's parties to the neighbourhood into the 1890's. I must have attended one of the last in childhood. And it is not impossible that the future literary genius H. G. Wells was scribbling away below stairs on that very day. For his mother was then the housekeeper of the house, and *Tono-Bungay* was then a seed germinating in his mind. He was in no doubt about the civilising value of such places as Uppark. Nor am I. **John Gore**



Above: Even in Stuart times, before the Great Fire, the City of London was still largely medieval in appearance with timber-framed houses and narrow alleys. The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed all this, and enabled the City to build more elegant and healthy buildings. In *London's River. The Story of a City* (Bodley Head. 25s) the author, Eric de Mare, explores some little-known byways of English history

Below: The scene in a London pub from *London Observed*, photographs by John Gay and text by Macdonald Hastings (Michael Joseph. 30s). The pub, says the author, is " the working man's club." The author and photographer draw their material from all over the metropolis, and the two blend to make an unconventional guide book for visitors with a taste for more than the usual tourist haunts

Having scored its century last year, Wisden now has 101 on the board and is firmly set for a second hundred. All the usual features are in the 1964 edition and of the five Cricketers of the Year four are deservedly West Indians. There are memorial tributes to Sir Pelham Warner and Sir John Berry Hobbs. The latter is written by Neville Cardus, who also contributes in his elegant manner an essay on " The Gift of Captaincy—Leaders of England and Australia." For the knowledgeable cricketer, the Records section continues to exercise its fascination.

Rothmans Book of Test Matches is a record of the England-Australia series between 1946 and 1963. It is edited by Ted Dexter and there are contributions from Sir Leonard Hutton, Peter May, Denis Compton, Keith Miller, Lindsay Hassett and indeed most of the notable players of the period.

Britannica Book of the Year 1964 is, if anything, more international in scope than ever before. A special feature this year to mark the quatercentenary is the international symposium devoted to Shakespeare.

To mark the centenary of John I. Thornycroft, K. C. Barnaby has written *100 Years of Specialised Shipbuilding and Engineering*. The contributions of this great firm in peace and war have been notable, and the author highlights them in a most interesting way, avoiding a humdrum record of interest only to old employees. **Richard Edmonds**

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **RAYMOND CULLEN**

Raymond Cullen is the Chairman Designate of the CPA Group, the rapidly expanding textile organisation based on Manchester and London. After attending King's School, Macclesfield, he took his degree with first-class honours in Natural Sciences at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. Soon after joining Calico Printers' Association, in 1934, he spent two years on their traditional business—commission printing. He then joined the overseas group and from Shanghai studied mill conditions in the Far East. When war broke out he was in India and remained there—as managing director of various CPA companies and with service in the Bombay Light Horse—until 1955. On his return to England he was appointed Chairman of Marshall Fabrics, the furnishing and dress fabric manufacturers, which he developed into one of the most successful elements of CPA's changing business. CPA are now spinners, weavers, knitters, printers, dyers and finishers; they are also garment manufacturers and merchants, producers of plastics and foam, and retailers, as well as wholesalers, through fashion shops, milliners and department stores. Many overseas enterprises continue successfully in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Hong Kong, South Africa, East Africa, West Africa, Rhodesia, Australia, New Zealand and Malaysia. Textiles today demand flexible tactics, and diversification and vertical integration are certainly part of Mr Cullen's philosophy. With the take-over of the Hide Group, the Retail Division has been expanded to 258 shops and 30 department stores; and to back this up there is the recent purchase of James & Gordon Limited, one of the biggest manufacturers of women's dresses in the country with a vast teenage market. Mr Cullen is President of the CPA Golf Society. He is married and has two teenage daughters

DONS AND MANAGERS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

British business is now becoming quite firmly committed, in principle at least, to making management into a profession, with technical-cum-economic qualifications of a distinct kind. Industry accepted, as did the Government, Lord Franks' recommendations that the country needs two new and separate business schools of university standing; last month, another committee headed by Lord Normanbrook gave it a first estimate of the likely cost. In principle, too, government and industry have not jibed at the size of the bill; nevertheless, getting these two academies of management going will involve more than simply approving expenditure.

The new business schools are to be attached to the universities of London and Manchester: in Manchester, as an integral part of the university, but in London, Lord Normanbrook's committee suggested, initially as an independent institution in its own right. Their governing bodies will represent, more or less equally, the universities concerned and business, with a leavening of independent members of management experience, but outside industry and commerce.

Both of these are expensive places to site a new building of any size; and because business school courses are likely to involve a higher proportion of conference rooms and "case study" work than undergraduate teaching elsewhere in a university, rather larger buildings than usual will be needed. Nevertheless, the capital cost estimates are not particularly frightening, in the context of government or business investment: about a million pounds for the Manchester school, and perhaps £1,180,000-£1,430,000 in London (where the site may cost a quarter to half a million). These estimates are assuming that about half the students will live in the colleges: Lord Franks had assumed that nearly all students should, but the Normanbrook committee think this is unlikely in practice.

The running costs of a business school raise much more debatable questions. With the recent increases in salaries, it can no longer be said that university dons as a group are an underpaid part of the middle classes; among salaries that are published, they have indeed shown some of the most impressive advances during the last five to ten years. (This is logical enough in market terms: the country has willed a formidable increase in university "throughput" during the coming decade or so, and paying the teaching staff attractive salaries is one way of "willing the means.") Nevertheless, it is probable that university teachers earn less than many men of similar calibre inside commerce and industry.

Now staffing business schools will no doubt make some demands upon the pool of existing university teachers, for example in economics and perhaps the fringes of technology. There, the new schools will have to offer the going rate to attract staff. But a majority of their staff, if they are going to be effective institutions at all, ought probably to be recruited from industry; nowhere else does the necessary understanding and experience exist. How can these schools attract men of the right calibre—who in industry, as we have seen, are liable to be earning more than the same kind of person in the universities! Lord Franks raised this problem, asking whether such schools would just have to consider paying higher salaries than other parts of the universities to which they are attached.

This solution would in its turn raise further problems. On a national and university scale, dons as a profession are fairly strongly "organised" and might well press for a general process of levelling up which would raise university costs all round. Within the two universities directly concerned, and perhaps within the schools themselves, one could risk friction from the start between staff in the ordinary university "stream" and those paid more highly to come across from business. The Normanbrook committee think that salaries at these new business schools ought to be at ordinary academic levels—accepting that the schools may have a higher proportion in the higher levels of the salary scale than other parts of the university.

It also assumes that business school staff should be given latitude to supplement their incomes by outside directorships, consultancy and the like. (To judge from some of one's friends among university teachers in the economic and technical disciplines, at any rate, it seems doubtful whether anyone could have much more latitude to accept outside commitments than these do already.) Another moderating factor, bearing on this salary problem again, is the probability that quite a high proportion of the teaching is likely to be part-time.

The schools certainly want to get a good deal of their teaching from people who remain inside industry and commerce; they ought too, probably, to attract a fair number of managers who will plan to go back into industry after a spell of teaching. The problem of parity of salaries cannot really be worked out in advance until one sees what calibre of manager is prepared to shift temporarily or for some of his time into the very different job of teaching. (Developing one's staff for higher responsibilities and bringing the brighter ones along is part of every manager's most useful activity; it is not quite the same as teaching a class or arguing out a case study.) However, everyone concerned with organising the new schools is well aware of the dangers of the old adage that "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach" in so far as it applies to recruitment from a sphere of activity where most of the accent is rightly placed on doing.

Accepting some remaining uncertainty over salaries, however, it is estimated that these schools might cost about £300,000 a year each to run. Each is designed for 200 students; if one applied the present Manchester tuition fees of £70 a year for management courses, for the post-graduate students, and charged employers say £600 for a 20-weeks course for "post-experience" students coming back from industry, the maximum income for the schools might work out at £134,000 a year. So the schools could not be expected to pay their way; and unless post-graduate fees could be increased considerably, the continuing subvention from government and business would need to be of the order of £166,000 a year. All these figures are over-precise; call it at least £200,000, and you will probably be nearer the mark. The whole cost, capital and running, would be incurred only gradually.

On the assumption that the Government and business will share this cost equally, it is not exactly likely to break either. Nevertheless, they will want value for it. Business and management training in Britain up to now has not enjoyed a very impressive reputation; some of today's brightest young industrialists, without undue prejudices of the "hard school of experience" variety, remain extremely sceptical about the chances of developing really top management through this kind of training. Nevertheless, one is being faced with different kinds of highly professionalised management nowadays in the United States and on the Continent; not even business geniuses are the worse for a little systematic exposure to conventional wisdom.

The reservoir tank room at W. and A. Gilbey. The total capacity of vats and tanks in this room is 175,000 gallons. After 100 years in London the Company has moved to a new 10-acre site in Harlow, Essex

SPANNING THE NEW ROADS

410 One of the essentials of the modern highway is the provision of adequate bridges and flyovers so that those driving along the road can be assured they are taking the speediest route. On these three pages we illustrate bridges on a new trunk road in South Wales and a motorway in Yorkshire.

The new Heads of the Valleys road will replace 25 miles of the existing A465 trunk road between Hirwaun and Abergavenny and, in conjunction with further schemes between Abergavenny and Ross, will link with the Ross Spur and Bristol-Birmingham motorways to provide a direct route between the Midlands and the industrial areas *continued on page 412*

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1. The Nant Hir Bridge, in South Wales, under construction. It will be a single span reinforced concrete arch bridge over the Nant Hir reservoir with a total length of 280 ft. 6 ins. and arch span of 184 ft.
2. Another view of the Nant Hir Bridge shows concreting in progress on the second section of the arch
3. The Nant Ffrwd Bridge. This bridge (length 213 ft. and arch span 136 ft.) is being constructed by conventional methods, on scaffolding supported on Bailey bridging which spans the gorge
4. The Taf Fawr Bridge is a three-span prestressed concrete continuous box beam bridge. The deck, 470 ft. long, consists of four precast I-section main beams with in situ concrete top and bottom slabs between the beams
5. The Taf Fechan Bridge is a single span reinforced concrete arch with a total length of 392 ft. and an arch span of 227 ft. 6 ins.

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SPANNING THE NEW ROADS *continued from page 410*

412 of South Wales. The photographs on the previous pages show the stretch from west of Hirwaun to Dowlais Top; the contract began in January, 1962 and is due for completion at the end of 1964 at a cost of over £3 million.

On this section of the road there are 18 bridges, all but two of which are of reinforced or prestressed concrete construction. The main contractors are Christiani-Shand (Christiani and Neilsen Limited and Lehane, Mackenzie and Shand Limited).

Bridges of quite a different kind are planned for the Aston-Sheffield-Leeds section of the M1 Motorway, the long extension northwards of the first motorway to be constructed in this country. For most of its length, the motorway in this part of the country passes over land that is subject to subsidence as a result of mining. This special feature has called for bridges which will remain unaffected by small changes in ground level. Of the 106 bridges to be built on this section of the M1, 101 will be constructed of prestressed or reinforced concrete. All the bridges have been designed by the West Riding of Yorkshire County Council whose Engineer and Surveyor is Mr S. Maynard Lovell, O.B.E., E.R.D., T.D.

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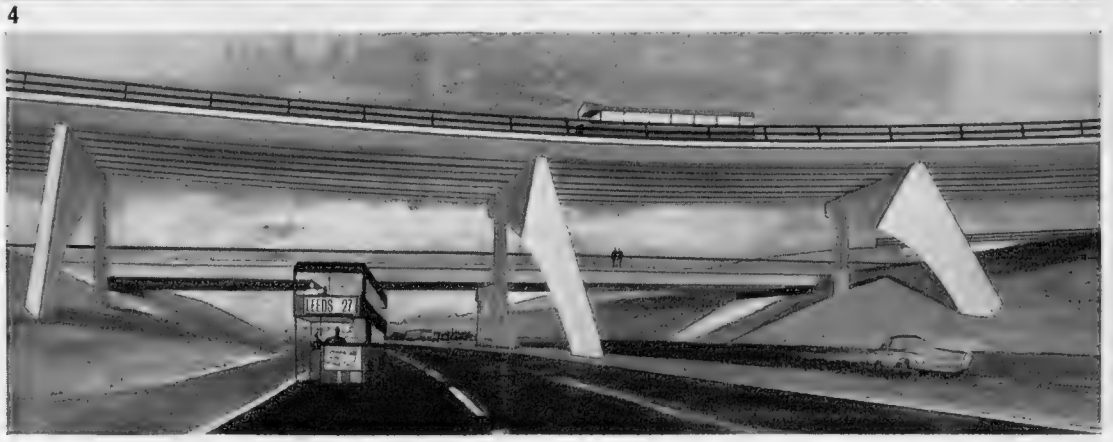

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1. This footbridge designed for Droppingwell on the M1 extension has a gradient of one in ten. It will cross the motorway where it cuts into a steep hillside. All the drawings on this page are artist's impressions of how the bridges will finally appear

2. The Smithy Wood rhomboid truss footbridge has been designed to cater for a topography similar to that at Droppingwell. On the side opposite the cutting, a spiral ramp takes pedestrians up to the level of the bridge

3. The Doles Lane Bridge, again for a minor road, is one of four for this purpose. The central span here is suspended on cantilevers built into triangulated open abutments on either side

4. The Needle Eye Bridge carries a minor road over the motorway. As subsidence is expected, the structure employs a three-pinned reinforced concrete arch

5. The Lofthouse Interchange, one of the major structures on the motorway, will have traffic at three levels, providing a complete interchange system at the point where the M1 and the M62 Lancashire-Yorkshire Motorways intersect

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CARPETS FROM WALL TO WALL

by The Sphere City Correspondent

Even before the second car, the central heating and the boat at Hamble, you can detect the household that has "arrived" by the ubiquity of its wall-to-wall carpeting. Yet somehow, till very recently, prosperity seems to have escaped the actual carpet manufacturers.

This, however, is now changing. After seven years during which the industry's total sales only went up a meagre 8 per cent. (value, admittedly was more than this, at 38 per cent., but that was almost entirely due to price increases), the first three months of 1964 showed quite phenomenal leaps in turnover —March was over 44 per cent. up on the same month last year.

This is to some extent a catching-up process, after two years of hire purchase restrictions, furniture trade doldrums and determination by the buying public to move the sofa over the worst of the worn patches and let it go for another six months. But it does look at last as though the worst of the industry's multifold problems are behind it.

Primarily this has meant coming to terms with the tufted carpet. To start with, the old-established Wilton and Axminster men refused to have anything to do with this upstart. And indeed some of the early specimens were pretty nasty—fade, wear, crush and backings that came off in the wash were the reward of the unwary purchasers who sought to save money at the apparently give-away prices. But those days are now long gone. Tufteds are respectable and trustworthy now (at least, those not bought on too obviously bargain-basement terms). They have *Which?* reports giving them clean bills of health, and most of the big traditional woollen-carpet manufacturers now have some sort of stake in the progress, on the best "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" principle.

They could hardly have done otherwise. While woollens have only advanced their total square yardage by 4 per cent. since 1957, tufteds have spread themselves at least six times as fast, and now represent a quarter of all carpet sales by quantity and a fifth by value. And there is probably a long way to go yet. In America they account for 80 per cent. of the whole market. And, although we are usually more conservative here, Courtauld's, who are deeply interested as fibre producers, expect them to occupy half the UK floor covering market by 1970.

Actually ICI and Courtauld's must be interested in the whole industry, thanks to the inroads made by the synthetics even into the inner woollen sanctums. There are very few carpets indeed made nowadays which do not have a stiffening mixture of nylon or acrylic. And it may well be that these two giants will one day take the same sort of rationalising look at their carpet outlets as they have at the (equally traditional) Lancashire cotton firms. And that might really alter the investment rating of the trade, which at present runs to yields well up in the textile area—anything from 6 to 8 per cent.

One exception to this is the bouncing Cotswold firm of Thomas Bond Worth, which is one of the four shareholders in Kosset Carpets, one of the best-known tufted manufacturers, and which, under its dynamic management-consultant chairman, Dr Murray, has announced big plans for doubling fibre production, moving into Italy, and grasping a much larger share of the total market. Its shares have gone up 50 per cent. in six months, and now yield only 4·2 per cent. But any pre-election setback could make them worth picking up.

The two biggest concerns among the publicly quoted companies are John Crossley—Carpet Trades, another "Kosset" stakeholder, and Homfray, with its own "Buccaneer" tufted brand. Crossley is heavily committed to wool still, and will no doubt be hit to some extent by the recent Australian price rise. Homfray, with a fairly unexciting record and first-half profits only "similar" to the same period of 1962-3, yields nearly 7 per cent. But it is less dependent on wool, and the heavy capital expenditure of the last few years should soon start paying off.

Blackwood Morton reported a "substantial improvement" on its first eight months' trading, and produced a 5 per cent. interim, against nothing at the half-way mark last time. If last year's 12½ per cent. dividend were repeated as a final, it would push the yield to an extremely generous (and unwarranted) 9½ per cent.

Another firm that looks on the low side is James Templeton, one of the larger and staider units in the trade, but one which should certainly benefit, like all the others, from the various bull factors—the approach of the postwar "birth-rate bulge" towards marriageable age, the increase in hotel and office building, and the swing-round of many architects to the view that a carpeted floor has the most favourable maintenance costs. It is hard to see a business of their standing producing results bad enough to justify the present 7·2 per cent., twice-covered yield, in what is set fair to be the industry's best year this decade.

On the Carpet

	Price	Yield %	Times Covered
T.B.Worth	15s 3d	4·1	2·4
Crossley	24s 3d	6·2	1·9
Homfray	14s 6d	6·9	1·6
Blackwood Morton	9s 3d	*	*
Templeton	20s 9d	7·2	2·0

* See text.

THE BLUE CIRCLE GROUP

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Extracts from the Statement of
Mr. J. A. E. Reiss, Chairman of
The Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Limited
The Parent Company

Deliveries increased by over a million tons in the first ten weeks of this year and by nearly 400,000 tons compared with 1962, which is perhaps a fairer comparison. Since my last Statement I am more than ever convinced that the next few years are going to see a tremendous increase in the output of the Building Industry. Our plans for meeting the rapidly rising demand include the building of a 300,000 ton plant near Stanhope in Weardale, which is now in course of construction and expected to be in operation early next year. We are increasing our production in Northern Ireland, have applied for Planning Consent to double the output at Westbury and the conversion to the semi-dry process will soon begin at our Dunstable plant. These extensions can be carried out fairly quickly and will result in substantially reduced costs.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am pleased to be able to report that the Companies overseas in which we are interested once again established a new record for sales amounting to 2,898,000 tons. Our interests abroad constitute an increasingly important part of our overall operations and we look forward with confidence to further progress in this field.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The future is, I am confident, the brightest in the history of the Company. Improvements in the standard of living are always followed by greater activity in the construction industry and your Company is well placed to benefit from this in those parts of the world where this trend has already begun and is developing rapidly.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

414 Special interest was lent to the annual tasting given by Messrs C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd., who are the London agents of the Burgundy house of M Marcel Doudet-Naudin of Savigny-les-Beaune this year because of the appearance of the 1963 vintage. In this poor year one would not have expected much of the wines, but it was thought that it would be of interest to sample them. The red wines have suffered most and appeared to be still rather acid and not at all promising. However, it was considered that this excess acidity would ferment out of the wines during the coming summer, and they might yet develop into some light, quickly maturing and not unpleasant wines. Because of their poor quality and great quantity they were offered at very low prices, at non-vintage prices, in fact. Should the 1964 vintage prove unsatisfactory, they might yet come in useful in the circumstances.

In view of this, only six wines were shown, two from Côte de Nuits, three from the Côte de Beaune and one Beaujolais. The last was the poorest, for in the Beaujolais the harvest took place earlier, before the weather improved, while the slightly farther north situated vineyards did benefit a little from the late sunny weather. These six wines suffered at the tasting by their juxtaposition with the same wines of the previous year, which showed up their defects even after making due allowance for their further year's development. The 1962 Beaune was very full, quite forward, with a pleasant bouquet, and the Gevrey-Chambertin and the Corton were very fine indeed.

The 1963 whites, of which a greater range was presented, were much better than one would have expected. They ranged from the reasonably priced Bourgogne Aligoté to a very good Chablis Premier Cru, and included among others a Meursault, a Pouilly-Fuissé, a Chassagne Montrachet and a Puligny-Montrachet. These still had a little too much acidity which they will most probably lose, and therefore might be worth buying.

A full range of 1959 London bottled Burgundies was shown too; these have matured quickly and are almost ready for drinking. I particularly liked the Aloxe-Corton for its fine bouquet and full flavour, also the Gevrey-Chambertin and the Clos de Vougeot. The climax of the tasting was the table containing French bottled wines of the house of M Doudet-Naudin of various years, including such gems as the Domaine bottled Aloxe-Corton, Les Bouteries 1955, Corton, Les Marechaudes of the same year, Beaune, Clos du Roi 1953 and a superb Le Corton 1952. All these were quite ready for drinking now with good life-expectation left for a few more years.

A new aperitif

When I recently managed to spend a few days at my nearest favourite French country inn, the Hotel Clément at Ardres (ten miles inland from Calais), I quite expected, as I have found in other years, to be offered the last year's Beaujolais to drink. In fact there was not any to be had, and I had to be satisfied with the excellent 1962's which I already knew well from my previous visits to this attractive place.

M Louis Gantelme, the landlord, explained that when he made his usual wine buying visit to the Macon-Beaujolais area early this year he had decided to give the 1963's a miss. He said that he did not think they were that bad, but he felt that he would be taking a risk buying them. He did not come back empty-handed though for he discovered the producer on a small scale of the purest, delicious fruit syrups, a cassis (blackcurrant) and a framboise. These are made of the fruit and sugar with a very low (18 per cent. by volume) alcohol content and the cassis, in particular, added to a dry white Burgundy is a popular drink there called "Kir," which is the name of a former mayor of Dijon.

M Gantelme has now introduced a new Aperitif Maison, which simply consists of a finger of Framboise topped up with champagne. In principle I always say that if a champagne is good enough to drink one should drink it neat, but I liked this mixture immensely, and can recommend it with the reservation that perhaps it would be a waste to use the very best champagne for it.

MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

The Duke of Edinburgh set the precedent, when he opened Birmingham's new Bull Ring Centre, of giving only one statistic from among the welter induced by this tremendously imaginative scheme. He chose one about tea: during the two-and-a-half years work has been going on about 28,000 gallons of tea have been drunk by the workers on the site. My own, after an exhaustive hour-and-a-half's tour of the Centre before it opened, is that under one roof more than 40,000 people can shop easily at the same time. Frankly, I am not surprised. Not only Birmingham, not only Britain, but the world has never seen anything quite like this.

After all, 40,000 shoppers represent the entire shopping population of a fair-sized town—and this is just one of the developments in Birmingham's staggering transformation of itself. Admittedly, as a single project this is so far the largest (£8 million is a lot of anybody's money). With built-in multi-storey car park, a bus station handling the distinctive red buses from all over the Midlands, and covered access to the new New Street station when that is rebuilt as Birmingham's major railway centre, about the only forms of transport not allowed for are helicopters and canal boats.

Laing's, the developers, take a pardonable pride in what they have achieved. Over 23 acres they have provided for retail markets, supermarkets, department stores, small retail shops, the Midlands' largest banqueting suite and nine storeys of offices, all set about with fountains and tropical birds and linked by seemingly dozens of escalators. The shops, they say, equal in number those between Oxford Circus and Marble Arch; there are three banks and three pubs, and the esoteric facilities will include a 44-ft. wide electric news screen which will pump out news, sports results and weather forecasts in colour to the under-privileged shoppers who have to brave the weather outside the air-conditioned Centre.

One slight problem which struck me was that of finding one's way around the Centre's halls and malls. No doubt it will come in time. Birmingham people have become accustomed, in the last seven or eight years, to finding their way around a city which has the disconcerting habit of changing, like an Edwardian pantomime transformation scene, into something quite different almost while you watch. There was a time, for instance, during the reconstruction of the Bull Ring itself, when a week's absence from the city meant, quite literally, that one had to learn from scratch a completely new road plan—and this seems in retrospect to have gone on for years at a time. As the Inner Ring Road slices its controversial way round the previously tiny city centre, road diversions have become part of the daily pattern and the city's famous one-way street system reverses itself in part with alarming rapidity while a new block is conjured up or an underpass tunnelled.

The Inner Ring Road

Not, as I have commented before, that the plan for the city is without its critics. The Inner Ring Road, estimated to cost £10·5 million apart from land, has been described by some highly vocal and intelligent observers as being years out-of-date in its concept, and the advocates of comprehensive redevelopment have levelled all manner of objections to the "piecemeal" nature of the city centre's rebuilding. Sir Herbert Manzoni, the city engineer and surveyor for many years until his retirement a few months ago, has dealt robustly with his critics, pointing out that the ring road will pull the tiny centre outwards and expand its facilities very considerably, and that with a scheme of such magnitude anything other than the existing outline plan for redevelopment would have thrown an intolerable burden on the rates. In recent weeks he has been the subject of attack on another ground—that during his lengthy spell in office the activities of his department grew to such an extent that no one council member could keep up with them, and decisions even of policy were being taken by officials—a charge which Sir Herbert and the chairman of the Public Works Committee, Alderman Thomas, have been quick to refute.

All this apart, the evidence of Sir Herbert's work, and that of his colleagues, increases daily. The final section of the Inner Ring Road is not due for completion until 1970, but by the end of this year, for example, work will have been undertaken in seven different sections during 1964. Since the total length of the road is three-and-a-half miles, this represents a fairly substantial upheaval.

The theatre site shames the city by standing empty and undeveloped, but the luxurious new Albany Hotel has been open for 18 months, many shop and office blocks are in full occupation (and some are not quite so full), and there are tremendous developments in various stages of completion.

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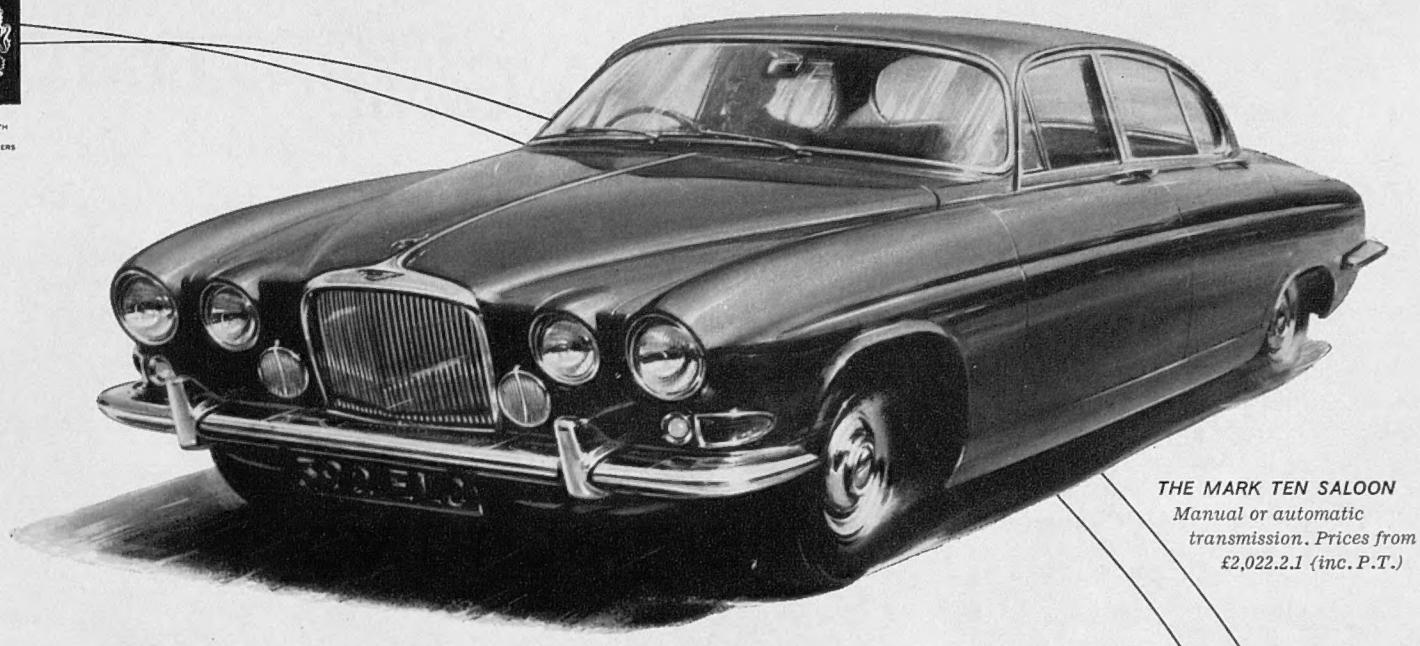

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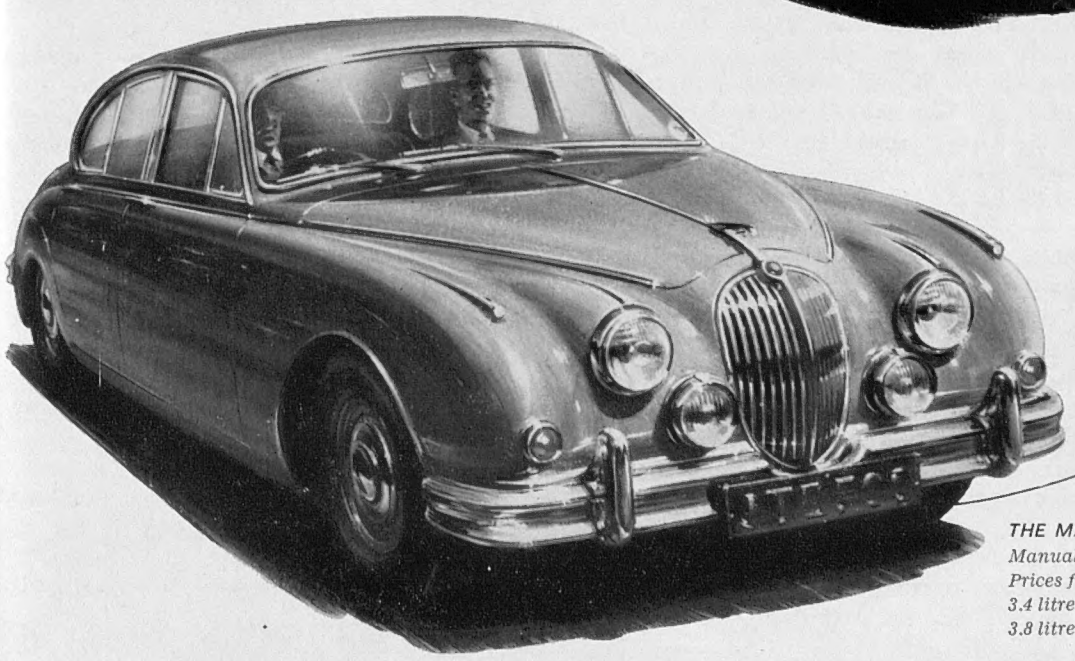

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LONDON SHOWROOMS · 88 PICCADILLY W.1

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AA CRITICS AT THE A.G.M.

416 The Automobile Association, at its annual meeting, shook off the criticism there made against it like a mastiff shaking himself after a swim before resuming his purposeful way.

They may have to do something before very long about the way they elect their committee but, in my opinion, they dealt effectively with the other main charges, including one of neglect for not interfering on the question of car warranties. I am one of those who think that is not the AA's job.

It is natural that in an organisation with 3,236,052 members not all of them are going to remain uncritical all the time and that some will even take the trouble of going along to the annual meeting at London's Savoy Hotel to voice their complaints. I thought the Duke of Norfolk, AA president, who chaired the recent annual meeting, gave all the dissidents a fair hearing.

The rising cost of running the AA—whose free breakdown service was last year used by enough members to populate both Manchester and Huddersfield—is shown by the fact that with a subscription income of £6,145,000 the surplus last year was only £21,140, following a small deficit in 1962. Yet Sir Hugh Fraser, the hon. treasurer, was able to say it should be possible to hold the subscription at two guineas " for a year or two yet."

The Mercedes-Benz 600 which was brought to Britain recently for demonstration at Silverstone

Polished driving

When I was invited to try out the A-level driving course organised by the *Motor* in collaboration with the British School of Motoring I asked if I could pass on the offer to my wife: not, of course, because I thought she stood to benefit more than I, but out of a pure sense of chivalry. This was duly arranged and my wife made three visits to a conveniently located branch—Guildford—to have a polish put on her driving. She had six hours' instruction in our GT Corsair during which she drove 150 miles to the accompaniment of much sage advice from an experienced BSM mentor.

My wife enjoyed the experience and tells me that the biggest overall benefit was that she now concentrates more and tries to " think ahead " all the time. She said afterwards: " Although I have been driving for many years and sometimes listen to what you tell me about driving techniques, the instructor put me wise to a lot of things and I am convinced I am a better and safer driver as a result of my Guildford visits."

He emphasised the need to be in the right gear at the right time: in second for going through a slow roundabout, for example. I strongly recommend this A-level course to any motorist who does not try to kid himself he already knows all the answers.

Mercedes-Benz 600

Among the 67 cars from 26 manufacturers in eight countries which were available for test by motoring writers at the Total Oil Company's third annual Foreign Car Test Day at Silverstone, the one that really stood out—like a dowager in a crowd of peasants—was the Mercedes-Benz 600 from Germany. This was the car's first visit to England for demonstration purposes and I was glad of the chance to drive this remarkable car, with its V-8, 6·3-litre engine, automatic gearbox, self-levelling suspension, power steering, disc brakes and a push-button for the control of seat adjustment, sliding roof, windows and boot lid.

In the UK the 600 will cost £8,751 in saloon form and £9,795—including tax, of course!—as a limousine. First UK deliveries will not be made until August or September because production at Stuttgart will not begin until next month. When I asked who in Britain will get the first of these huge, powerful prestige cars I was told: " There won't be a first. That would be invidious. We shall deliver four simultaneously: to Mr Cecil King, the newspaper magnate, Mr Jack Hylton, the impresario, to an anonymous whisky millionaire and to a London stockbroker who also does not want his name mentioned yet."

Cars for handicapped drivers

I never cease being amazed by the mechanical ingenuity shown by engineers like Mr John Griffiths, of the British School of Motoring, in adapting ordinary saloon cars for the use of physically handicapped drivers. The latest example to come to my notice is a conversion by Ruddspeed Ltd., of Littlehampton. They took an automatic Renault R8 (the normal price of which, including tax, is £741) and at a cost of £420 extra, converted it for the use of a man who contracted polio in the army and cannot use his arms.

He is Mr Nigel Harvey, 34-years-old factory safety officer, of Woodfield Road, Ealing. With his adapted Renault he recently passed his Ministry of Transport driving test at his first attempt and is probably the first driver to get a pink " pass " slip after steering a test car with only his feet.

When out driving his Renault Mr Harvey has his left foot secured to a stirrup plate through which he moves a steel disc attached to the steering column by a double roller chain enclosed by a cast alloy case. He uses his right knee to move a lever for operating the press-button controls of the automatic gearbox; also to work the ignition switch, starter and direction indicators.

Mr Harvey uses his right shoulder to sound the horn (the button for which is on the door pillar). The windows are electrically controlled and Mr Harvey operates foot controls to open and shut his door. No alterations were made to the accelerator and brake pedals.

Briefly . . .

Just published: *The Shell Book of Epic Motor Races* (Kaye and Vane. 12s 6d). Peter Roberts has picked ten famous races, recreated their drama and illustrated them with 59 pictures. . . .

More than 300 pre-war Austin Sevens are expected at a rally which the Austin Seven Register of the 750 Motor Club is staging at the Montagu Motor Museum, Beaulieu, on Sunday, July 5. . . .

Members of a new motoring organisation—the Society of Safe Motoring—which has its HQ at Doncaster, must sign a solemn declaration that they will limit their speed to 50 m.p.h. on all roads other than motorways or clearways and keep their alcoholic intake to a safe level. . . .

Two new aerosol spray-on liquids: Holts' Rubber Lubricant, which sprays a silicone-based, invisible film on to things like weather strips round car doors and rubber shackle bushes (6 oz. tin for 6s); and Cadulac Chemicals' Rocket WD-40, an anti-corrosion liquid which routs squeaks and frees rusted nuts and bolts (8 oz. tin 9s 9d, 16 oz. tin 16s 9d). . . .

More than 1,000 Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars assembled at Goodwood recently for a pageant to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the first meeting of Mr Charles Rolls and Mr Henry Royce. . . .

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The Centenary of

JOHN I.

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Church Wharf, Chiswick, London, W.

1964

We have achieved much since Mr. Thornycroft started to build his vessel in Chiswick in 1864 and for those who want to read the History of our Company, "100 Years of Specialized Shipbuilding & Engineering" by Mr. K. C. Barnaby (Hutchinsons, 40/-) will be interesting.

Though accumulated technical "know-how" and Customer goodwill are of great value to a Company, it is on present achievements that it is judged and by a forward-looking policy that it prospers.

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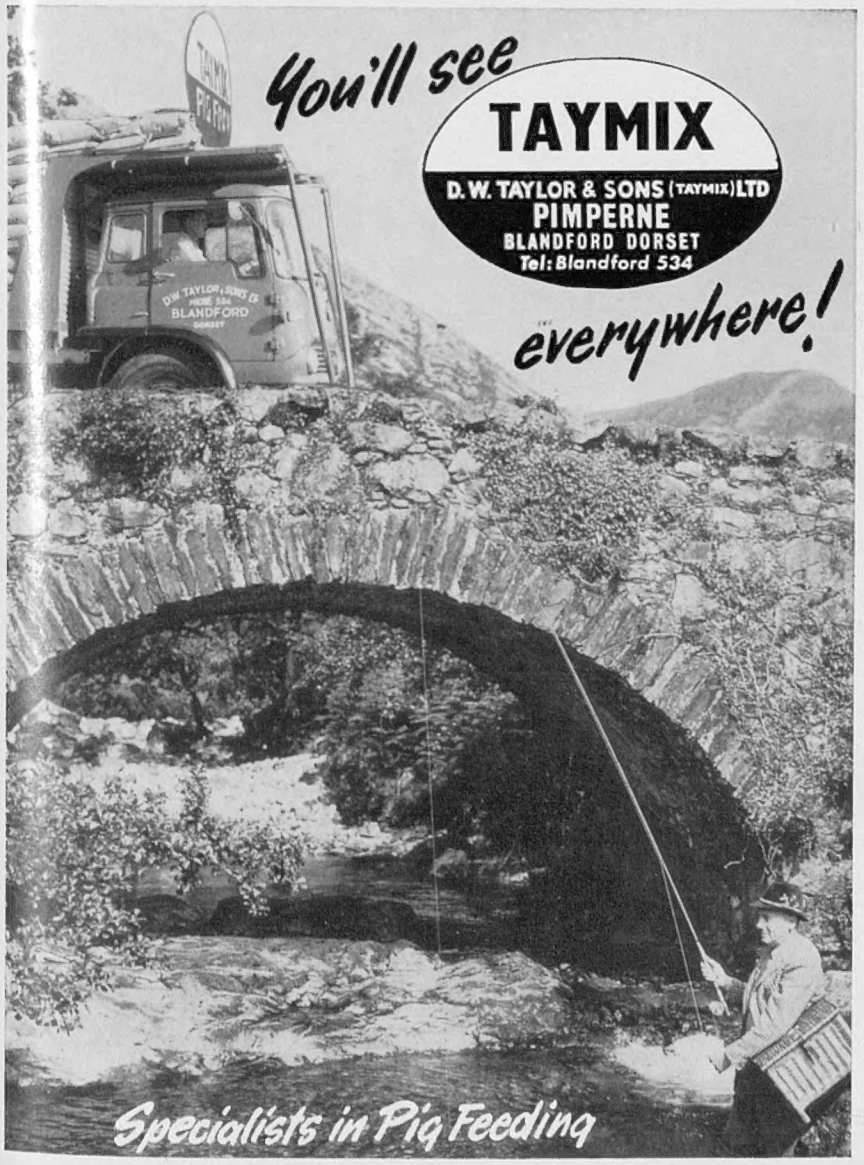

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